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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

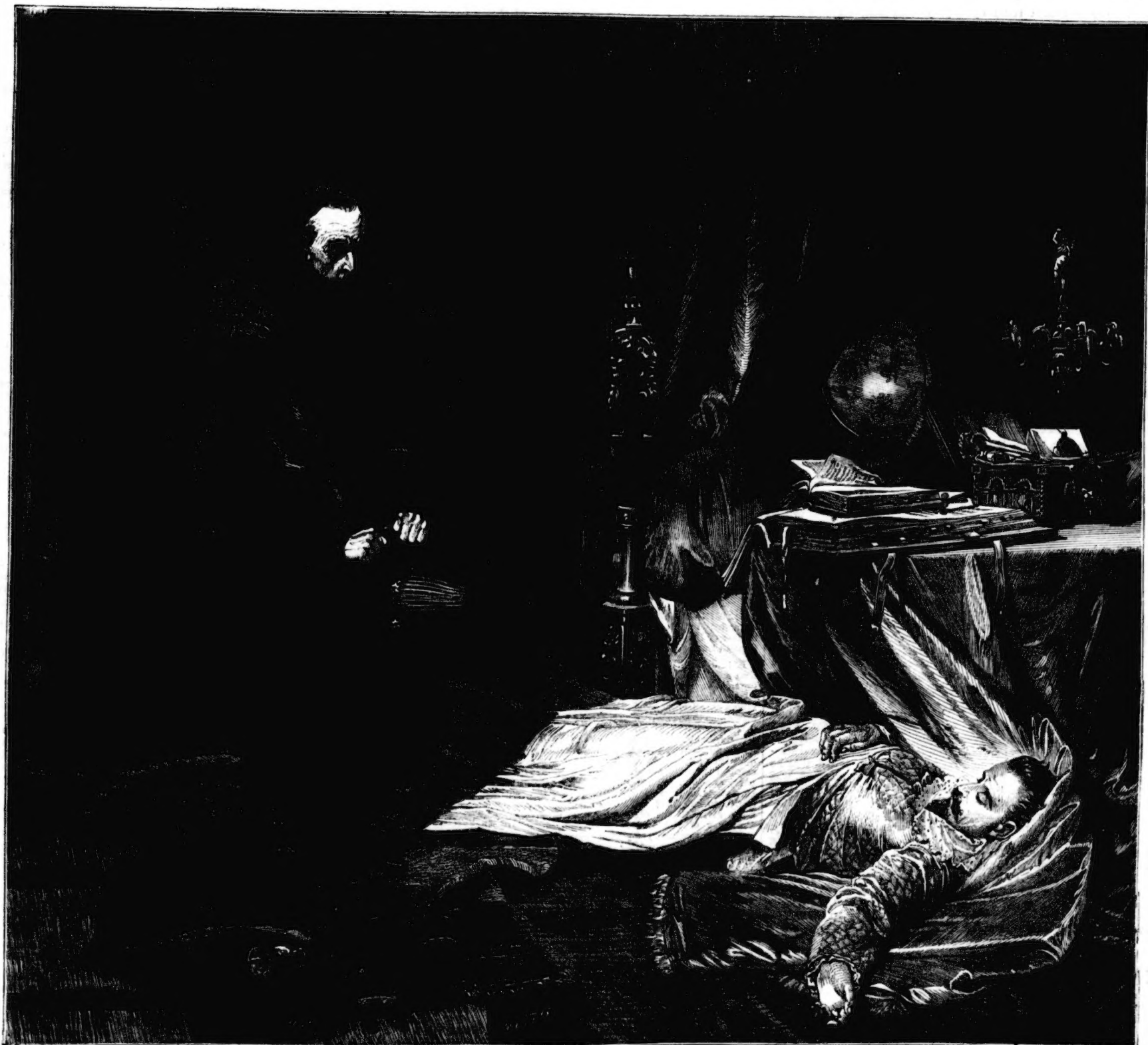
AMERICAN news, always important as far as it goes, is just now without any very great importance, simply because it is incomplete. From day to day intelligence of fresh battles may be expected. Sherman's movements are involved in so much mystery that no definite idea can be obtained of their nature or object. In the meanwhile the political position of North and South remains very much what it was and has been any time during the past four years, and, strangely enough, the real state of affairs in America seems to be less understood in New York than in London. Thus, General Butler's speech, recommending the proclamation of an amnesty to the Southern "rebels," from Mr. Jefferson Davis and General Lee downwards, caused a considerable fall in the price of gold at New York: in London it had scarcely any appreciable effect. No one on this side of the Atlantic regarded the offer of a pardon to the chiefs of the Southern

Confederation as anything more than a piece of Northern impertinence.

The Parliament of Greece has at length adopted the Constitution submitted to it about a year ago. This Parliament is certainly a most deliberative assembly; but, while it takes so much time to discuss matters of principle, there are important matters of practice which appear to escape its notice altogether. Thus, the country is said to have a most inefficient police and to be overrun with brigands; and it has been well remarked that, though what is called "civil death" is abolished in Greece by one of the articles in the new Constitution, yet a traveller runs a good chance all the same of being murdered within an easy distance of the capital. All Greeks, too, are declared in the same document to be equal before the law. But what is still more remarkable, and far more indisputable, is, that the brigands are beyond the reach of the law altogether. We are afraid the trials of the Greeks are

only just beginning. Their dream is extension of territory; and, since the cession of the Ionian Isles, they have persuaded themselves that a good cry on the part of Greece must, sooner or later, be listened to, and that nothing can resist it. To tell men who aim at the restoration of a Greek empire that they would do well to attend to their own immediate affairs, and to strengthen themselves at home before projecting hazardous enterprises abroad, is to offer them very prosaic advice; but, even as a matter of grand political speculation, they could pursue no better course. Let them set an attractive example to their brothers and cousins under Turkish rule, as Piedmont for many years did to the rest of Italy, and the coveted territory, if (to adopt their own theory) Greece is destined to rise and Turkey to fall, will in due time come to them of itself.

The latest incident in the persecution of the Poles is the exile of nearly all the monks who were inmates of religious



"SENI GAZING ON THE DEAD BODY OF WALLENSTEIN."—(FROM A PICTURE BY CARL PILOTY.)

houses at Warsaw. Those who believe that railways constitute a great part of civilisation will be glad to hear that those unfortunate men were exiled in a civilised manner, and were sent out of Warsaw by train. As, moreover, a sum of 150 roubles was given to each monk before starting, it is difficult, after all, to see what they have to complain of; and an influential contemporary has already explained that this sort of thing has been done in other countries after insurrections as well as in Poland. The worst of it is that in Poland all the cruelties that have been practised in other countries at various times are practised all at once.

The German Legal Protection Society has been recommended by a Prussian subject, writing to the *Times*, to adopt a course originally recommended by us, and to establish a branch association at Berlin or Posen for the protection of Prussian Poles. But the existence of any such society in Prussia would in itself be illegal. It is only in England that either foreigners or natives have the right of forming themselves into bodies, and raising subscriptions with the view of impeding the just action of the law. In connection with the proceedings of this Protection Society, it has lately transpired that the King of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg were actually induced, after Müller's condemnation, to telegraph to her Majesty requesting her to grant a respite! It is very fortunate that no respite, even for an hour, was granted; for the slightest sign of uncertainty on the part of the judicial authorities might have encouraged Müller to persist in his declaration of innocence, not only to the last moment but one, but to the very last moment; and we should then have been unable to answer the calumnies of our German assailants, as we can do now, by quoting against them Müller's own words. Curiously enough, the usual charge made against our criminal law by foreigners is that it is too favourable to the accused, and gives him too many chances of escape. However this may be, there was one advantage offered to Müller which no English defendant in a criminal trial would have enjoyed abroad. The German Legal Protection Society, in one of its manifestoes, falsely and insolently asserted that the jury had already in their minds convicted Müller before hearing a word of the evidence against him. But the society could have had him tried by a jury half English and half foreigners; and, if the evidence had been at all doubtful, that is no doubt the course it would have decided upon. As it was, even the King of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, had they formed part of the jury, would have been obliged to surrender their prejudices in presence of the overwhelming amount of testimony brought against the prisoner. The refusal of Müller's counsel to accept six foreign jurymen was intended as an appeal to British generosity. It is to be regretted that the refusal was made, and that a portion at least of the responsibility of convicting Müller was not thrown upon his own countrymen, who, after all, are too honest individually to swear to a falsehood and to declare solemnly their belief in the innocence of a man if he has been proved to them to be guilty.

We should like to have some particulars as to the circumstances under which the King of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—the one the great military, the other the great political leader of the German people—so far forgot themselves as to question the justice of a decision arrived at by an English tribunal, and to seek to interfere with the carrying out of that decision. Is it their "mission" to see that Germans are allowed to murder with impunity in England as well as in Denmark? It is they and their German subjects who first thought of viewing Müller's crime and the punishment consequent upon it in a political light. But they will have enough, we fear, and too much, to do, if they constitute themselves the champions of every German who commits a capital offence in England.

THE DEAD WALLENSTEIN.

In that long, dull panoramic picture of the Thirty-Years War one figure stands out from the dim historic canvas with a prominence the more brilliant that it has been the foremost figure in an immortal poem as well as in the events on which it exercised so vast an influence. That haughty, somewhat turbulent, boy—son of Wilhelm Baron von Waldstein and Margaret Baroness Smiricz—who, at seven years old, wished he were a prince, that not even his mother might dare to whip him; who, when reproached for a pride which would only become him if he were a prince, retorted, "What is not may yet be," came young into the glare and bustle of a sort of small Court, amongst the military friends who visited his noble father. Underlying all his after studies with the Jesuits at Olmutz, who, though they professed to convert him, found in him a powerful enemy thereafter; hidden beneath the steady journey to Italy, and astrological, mathematical, and cabalistic studies, under Peter Verdungus, and afterwards under Argoli, at Pavia and Bologna; only coming out when at length Argoli, telling him, with some star-reading forecast, that he would be a great man, found that he already believed it;—the future Duke, Prince, almost King, was silently self-conscious, proud, ambitious, and to genius which successfully amasses wealth added the sagacity which uses it for future ends, and may be grandly generous or meanly grand, according to the view from which he is regarded. Throughout that long story, his splendid figure—independent, wealthy, victorious—going ever onward, flashes out constantly with a changing glitter of glory and golden upon it always. To-day he wins a splendid victory, and chases a King from the seaboard whence he fires red-hot shot into the ocean, in a rage that he has no ships wherewith to follow. To-morrow he bargains for a province, which he buys favourably—a discount being taken off for late successes—at a quarter of its value.

Saving the Emperor from being made a captive in his own city by defeating the armies of Mansfield and Thurn before Vienna, advancing large sums to the Royal treasury, victualling the army of which he is Quartermaster-General, marching everywhere to the rescue, and by genius effecting movements till then unheard of, he closes the Bohemian War. Then he realises, and 24,000,000 gulden is added to the value of his personal estate. Who would not believe in astrology at such a price—in astrology and one's self? Coming and going in hall and castle, tent and camp, is seen one faithful counsellor—Seni, the astrologer. Really faithful—as far as can be seen by this dim light, and the panorama of history faded here and there. Faithful to the last; to the brilliant campaign

where the mercenaries—Spanish, French, Irish—who had flocked to the standard of the wealthy German General and Paymaster, were led against Gustavus Adolphus; that monarch whom Wallenstein had long ago found out was "a dangerous fellow," desiring to "lead people by the nose," and whose deep counsels he perhaps alone had penetrated with silent sagacity, unassisted probably by the stars.

Whatever the stars might have had to do with it, gulden, money, filthy lucre, had in some way mysterious association with Wallenstein, both as to his life and his death. His death indirectly came of it. Maximilian of Bavaria, jealous, proud, not so rich as the victorious General, urges the Emperor to dismiss the conqueror of a dozen enemies to the throne; because he refuses—being indeed unable—to withdraw with his troops from Bohemia and Moravia and take up winter quarters in Lower Saxony. This is a breach of the conditions agreed on when he consented to take the field—coming for that purpose out of a retirement chosen in consequence of former intrigues of his enemies—and his pride resents it. He will resign his command, and leave the camp for those who choose to direct its movements. But his faithful adherents, grey Lieutenants, ardent followers, devoted officers! Their pay is in arrears. Should he resign they will never obtain it, for they will never desert him, in witness of which they set their hands to a document, a "round robin," or, more properly, a declaration, issued at Pilsen on the 12th of January, 1634, to the effect that they will stay with him as long as he will be their commander.

This declaration is the instrument desired by the Gallas, the Piccolomini, and the other Italian and Spanish officers, watchfully treacherous, who desire nothing more than to ruin Wallenstein and share his wealth amongst them. It was a plot against the Emperor, a military conspiracy, this famous declaration. Imperial jealousy, greed for the pickings of a dead man's estate, an unfavourable conjunction of the stars, and Wallenstein, deprived of his command, is to be taken, dead or alive.

Forty years ago Doctor Friedrich Förster, of Berlin, discovered in the archives of the Counts of Arnim at Boitzenburg, and subsequently amongst the secret archives of the Military Council at Vienna, a number of letters, which he published under the title of "Wallenstein's Briefe." Pursuing his researches still further, he was able completely to prove the innocence of Wallenstein, who had evidently fallen a victim to the intrigues of the Piccolomini. The results of these researches were published, under the title, "Wallenstein Herzog zu Mecklenburg, Friedland, und Sagan, als Feldherr und Landesfürst," &c., in 1834, at Potsdam.

The enemies, in conjunction with money and the stars, triumph, however, and the great, wealthy, brave, and splendid Wallenstein is betrayed. At a grand banquet given by the false commandant of Eger to Wallenstein's officers, but at which the General is not present in consequence of ill-health, an armed band rush in, and the faithful body-guard fall before they can seize their weapons.

Wallenstein himself, hearing the sudden tramp, the scuffle, and the deathly looks out of window to ask a sentinel what it means. Another moment, and Captain Devereux, with a following of thirty Irishmen, rushes in. The great commander, unflinching, confronts them. He is only in his nightdress, and bears no sword, but his noble presence causes the men to shrink back. The work must be done, however. "Art thou the traitor who is going to ruin the Emperor?" says Devereux, lifting his partisan. There is little time to reply, and all reply would be useless. Wallenstein sees that the end has come; without a word of reproach, reproof, entreaty, he opens his arms to receive the deadly blow upon his breast, proud and unflinching to the last. The gulden outlive him, for they are divided amongst the vultures who had waited for their prey. The Emperor himself fingers many of them; but, with the conscience of a nobler conspirator, pays for 3000 dead masses to be said for the soul of the General who had saved his throne.

Was there no friendly voice to warn the victorious soldier of his danger? It is doubtful whether more than vague hints ever reached him. It is believed that Seni was with him till his death, reading the stars more or less dimly; but Seni's warnings, if there were any such, belong not to the historic but to the poetic record. Our Engraving will show that both have been united in the art-history which speaks both languages, or, indeed, all languages. Turning to Schiller, or to Coleridge's interpretation of him, we find it.

Wallenstein (at the window) says:—

There is a busy motion in the heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast fly the clouds, the sickle of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible. That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter . . . But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him.

Methinks
If I but saw him 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity;
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

Again, Seni, who dreads the coming interview of Wallenstein with the Swedish Envoy, calls upon him:—

Come and see! Trust thine own eyes!
A fearful sign stands in the house of life—
An enemy, a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet. Oh, be warned!

But he was not warned, and the stars were misread after all—nearer earth lay the tokens of danger.

The death-blow is struck, and Seni and the stars are powerless to avert the deed. The astrologer looks upon the corpse of him whose culmination had been so brilliant and his end so sudden. The planets revolve in their appointed courses, and still men will try to read them in vain.

CAPTAIN RICHARD BURTON, the well-known African explorer, has been appointed British Consul at Santos, Brazil. Mr. Charles Livingstone, brother of Dr. Livingstone, becomes Consul at Fernando Po, in the room of Captain Burton.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION.—The choice of a name for the Confederation is discussed in Canadian newspapers. Some Canadians hope for the adoption of the present name of their province, representing that it is aboriginal in its derivation, and the only one among the names of the provinces at all eligible; and a New York paper suggests that, as it might be acceptable to the maritime provinces to have some change made, the Confederation might be called Canada. British America, West Britain, New Britain, and Britannia have also been proposed. Discussion has also arisen on the question whether there ought to be an appeal to the people on the question of confederation, or whether the present Parliaments may fairly consider themselves entitled to deal with it. It is urged that as it is not a party question, but supported by both parties, the new elections would not turn solely, or even mainly upon it, and the members elected would be required to cut short their own existence. At the last public entertainment given to the delegates before they separated, Mr. G. Brown, the President of the Executive Council, explained that it is calculated that the machinery of local government in the different provinces can be carried on with 2,635,000 dollars, and that sum will accordingly be distributed annually among them on the basis of population. If any province should require more, it must raise it by such local taxation as is permitted by the terms of confederation. Mr. Brown, while denying that there is any danger of attack from the States, declared that the delegates resolved unanimously that the United Provinces shall at the earliest moment be placed in a thorough state of defence. He maintained that, like other British colonies, they were founded on an implied compact that they should be protected by all the strength of the British arms until they should be fairly able to rearrange the terms of that compact; and, for his part, he had to say that Canada united with the Lower Provinces is now able to take upon herself a larger share of the burden of defence than she has hitherto borne. "We all," he said, "heartily desire to perpetuate connection with Great Britain; but we must feel that this union cannot be perpetuated if the burden of defence is wholly thrown on the parent State." Canadian papers echo the same sentiments; but a Montreal journal takes the liberty of reminding Mr. Brown that, although now, with the responsibilities of office upon him, he rises with the occasion, yet "in times past, while always professing a loyal desire to do what was needful, he seemed disposed to believe very little was needful, and very anxious we should not do too much." The *New York Times* publishes a letter from its Canadian correspondent declaring that in his tour with the delegates he was struck with the fervour of attachment universally shown towards the parent State.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Court of Correctional Appeal in Paris has given judgment against the appeal of the thirteen deputies accused of holding illegal meetings, and confirmed the sentence pronounced upon them.

The *Patrie* is very indignant at the proceedings of the British Consul at Tunis in opposition to French interests, and calls for the establishment of a French protectorate in that city to counteract English influence there.

The *Constitutionnel*, by the aid of a special commissioner sent to investigate the state of matters, has discovered that the Channel Islands ought to be annexed to France; the "nationality" of the islands, it says, is French; and an act of annexation would be of immense advantage to the inhabitants, delivering them from a long list of grievances perpetuated by British rule.

M. Moquard, the favourite secretary of the Emperor, is dangerously ill.

ITALY.

The debate on the Franco-Italian Convention is still proceeding in the Italian Senate. In the course of a very important speech, on Monday, the Minister of the Interior said the temporal power of the Pope was not necessary to the splendour and independence of the spiritual power, and that the solution of the question was to be found in the principle of a free Church in a free State. Intervention was about to cease, and though Italy had an interest in repelling all foreign aggression to uphold the temporal power, yet, in the event of a movement breaking out in the Pontifical territories, Italy was not under engagement to repress it. General Cialdini supported the transfer of the capital on military grounds, and declared that between Austria and Italy no compromise is possible. The passes of the Appennines he described as capable of being made, in case of need, the genuine Thermopylae of Italy. His declarations against Austria were received with loud applause, and according to the telegram it would appear that General La Marmora indorsed the sentiments of his military colleague. The Marquis Pallavicino, an old friend of Garibaldi, opposed the Convention, and declared himself in favour of going to Rome at all risks and making war upon Austria for Venice.

The Governor of Venetia has issued a circular to the clergy and municipal authorities stating that the investigations recently made confirm the belief that the insurrectionary attempt in Friuli was of foreign instigation. He urges those whom he addresses to warn the population against similar attempts, and to repress firmly all revolutionary tendencies.

AUSTRIA.

The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath has concluded its debate on the address to the Throne. The draught of the address was adopted, and will be at once sent to the Emperor in writing. The address is liberal and progressive in many of its expressions, and denotes a decided tendency towards conciliation within the empire and peaceful relations abroad.

JAPAN.

From Japan we learn that Prince Nagato, undismayed by the recent destruction of his forts, has refused to pay the indemnity, and that in consequence his palace has been destroyed.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

OUR advices from New York are to the 26th ult. The accounts of the movements of Sherman are confused but important. He was moving on Macon and Augusta, and, contrary to the terms of his own order to his troops, he was burning and destroying everything in his way. Detachments of his forces had burnt Jonesborough, Griffin, Stone Mountain, Hillesborough, Monticello, Canton, and other Georgian towns. The Governor's residence at Canton was also burnt down. Macon was garrisoned by the militia and every citizen capable of bearing arms. The utmost confidence prevailed that the city would be successfully defended. The latest advices to the 20th ult. report Sherman's advance to be at Gordon, on the Savannah Railroad, sixty miles east of Macon. The Confederate journals publish numerous exhortations from General Beauregard, the Richmond authorities, and leading citizens of Georgia, to the people of the State to remove or destroy, on the line of Sherman's march, all property which could in anywise benefit him; to burn bridges, obstruct roads, and to assail him, in front, flank, and rear, with any and all weapons at command. General Beauregard, who was at Corinth, Mississippi, on the 18th, concentrating a large force, declared that he would speedily be with them and assist in their defence. The whole force of General Beauregard's department, including General Hood's army, was estimated at 65,000. Sherman's order of march, dated the 9th, directs his officers to forage liberally on the enemy's country, to enforce devastation, more or less relentless, according to the hostility they should meet, and to seize every negro who could be rendered serviceable. Hood was progressing rapidly in Tennessee. He was advancing on Pulaski, from which the Federals were retreating, making for Colombo, where an engagement was expected.

The defeat of the Federals under Gillem at Bull's Gap by Breckenridge was very complete. The latter General was in full possession of East Tennessee and South-Western Virginia.

The Confederates were mining in the neighbourhood of Petersburg. General Pickett had made a successful night attack on the Federals. Affairs in the Shenandoah Valley appear to be unchanged.

An attempt was made on the night of the 25th to set fire to New York in nine places simultaneously—at Barnum's Museum and eight of the principal hotels. Little damage was done. Two persons have been arrested. The attempt is attributed to Confederate emissaries or sympathisers.

President Lincoln had proclaimed that the blockade at Norfolk, Virginia, and Fernandina, Pensacola, Florida, shall be raised, and these ports opened to domestic and foreign commerce on and after the 1st inst., subject to the necessities of war.

A careful correction of the enrolment lists had been ordered, preparatory to a new draught throughout the Northern States.

The *Richmond Sentinel* of the 21st ult. contains a letter from Vice-President Stephens to Senator Semmes, of Louisiana, which states that he does not favour any convention of the States, as has been reported, unless the proposal for such a convention should come from the Federal Government. Mr. Stephens adds that the old Union and Constitution are dead for ever, except so far as the Constitution has been preserved by the Confederacy. There is for the Union as it was no resurrection by any power short of that which brought Lazarus from the tomb. He concludes by stating that his views have not changed since 1861; that he then considered the issue before the South to be independence or subjugation; and that when Georgia seceded he, in full consciousness of all prospective trials, sacrifices, and responsibilities, pledged himself to stand by her, and he would keep his pledge.

THE PRINCE CONSORT MEMORIAL.—The sculptured works connected with the Prince Consort Memorial in Hyde Park are very extensive. They will be executed in Sicilian marble, the same as that of which the Marble Arch in Hyde Park is constructed, and which appears to stand externally in our climate better than any other description. Its colour is not pure white, but it is sufficiently so for external works. The larger works will be at the lower angles of the pyramid of steps, and the groups of figures will represent the four quarters of the world. Mr. McDowell has in hand the group of Europe; Mr. Foley has Asia; Africa has been confided to Mr. Theed, and America to Mr. John Bell. At each angle of the podium, and having a cluster of granite columns at the back, there is also a marble group, though smaller in dimensions. These groups are—Agriculture, which has been given to Mr. Calder Marshall; Manufactures, which Mr. Weeks has in hand; Commerce, which has been given to Mr. Thorneycroft; and Engineering, which is from the design of Mr. Lawlor. On the upper portion of the shrine will be figures of the virtues, the arts, and the sciences, idealised, which are to be executed in Sicilian marble by Messrs. Philip and Armistead.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET ON THE STATE OF THE NAVY.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET, one of the members for Sandwich, addressed his constituents at Deal on Friday evening week.

The noble Lord referred at some length to the foreign and financial policy of the Government, and he went on to say that, with regard to naval expenditure, it had been his earnest endeavour to watch over, control, and limit it; and if any gentleman should ask him why he was not oftener amongst them, paying them his personal respects, his answer must be that he was watching over their naval expenditure. The expenditure of the Navy, it was true—and he was thankful for it—had been reduced very considerably within the last two or three years. Yet the Naval Estimates had amounted to no less a sum than £12,750,000. The estimates for the present year were something like £10,750,000, showing a reduction of £2,000,000. He spoke not out of disrespect to any previous Government, but if he were asked why this enormous expenditure had been necessary he must frankly reply that in the year when the present Government came into office the Navy of this country was not in a satisfactory state. We had neither the quantity of ships nor had we the number of men which it was absolutely necessary we should maintain if we at the same time desired that England should maintain her position as a great naval Power. The consequence had undoubtedly been an enormous expenditure; but the result of that expenditure was that we had now, either built or in various degrees of construction, no less than thirty armour-plated ships. Now, when he talked of thirty ships, it was, perhaps, not easy to realise what that represented in money; but when he reminded them that each of our armour-plated ships cost nearer half a million than a quarter of a million, some idea would be formed of the expenditure which had been necessary in constructing our armour-plated fleet. They would remember perfectly well that some four years ago we used to suffer from a sort of chronic panic. We used to hear that the country was utterly unfit to repel invasion; that we had neither ships nor troops; and that we were, in fact, at the mercy of any nation who chose to invade us or to insult our flag. We did not hear of these things now. Englishmen did not now express their apprehension of danger from invasion or insult, and he therefore asked whether he might not fairly claim continued confidence on this score in her Majesty's Government. He quite admitted that it required very great exertions on the part of the public to put our great naval establishments into the position which was befitting and necessary for the Navy, and therefore in stating that which he now did he was sure they would believe that the estimates to be submitted to Parliament for the maintenance of her Majesty's Navy would be framed with the utmost regard to economy, although the views of Mr. Cobden with regard to sweeping reductions would not be entertained. Indeed, they must expect, and he was sure when they came to be acquainted with the details they would justify the Government in proposing, a considerable increase in the votes for dock and basin accommodation. He had adverted generally to the policy of the Government, both with regard to foreign affairs and with regard to the Navy, and he now wished to allude to some points which would be interesting more especially to the naval officers and friends he saw around him. A great many criticisms had been given out to the public with regard to the action of the Admiralty upon several matters to which he would briefly allude. He had told them the Government was maintaining a very large force, indeed something like 75,000 men, yet they had doubtless read that in spite of this the Admiralty had had difficulty in manning our ships. There was possibly not a corner of the country that had not been alarmed within the last few weeks by a report that there had been great difficulty in manning our line-of-battle ship *Victoria*. It was stated by one of the leading newspapers a few weeks ago, and the statement had occasioned considerable alarm, that great difficulty had been found in manning the *Victoria* three-decker, now fitting as a flagship in the Mediterranean, and that the Admiralty, in order to make up her complement, had unmanned other ships, so as to be the seamen of this country to serve in her Majesty's Navy. Now he would tell them what was really the fact. The *Victoria* was commissioned on the 2nd of November last. As soon as her officers had joined, orders were given to complete her complement, which was done in forty-eight hours, the only vacancies remaining in the ship being for five shipwrights.

The noble Lord went on to say:—

I will tell you, further, that at this moment—for I have taken the returns for one day last week—after the manning of this three-decker, we have upwards of 1000 seamen available and disposable awaiting ships in our home ports, irrespective of the crews of the *Marlborough* and several other ships which have been lately paid off, and the men of which have gone on leave. Is it right, then, that the public should be periodically told that we have not men to man our ships? There is another matter on which the conduct of the Admiralty has been a good deal canvassed. I have heard, and I have no doubt everyone here has heard, that in these days, when it is manifest that the sending of line-of-battle ships to sea is devoting so many men to destruction, inasmuch as they are totally unfit for all the purposes of warfare, it is very injudicious and reprehensible to send any line-of-battle ship to sea at all. That is a criticism which you have all read in the public prints during the last few days. Now, let me frankly state the reasons which have induced the Admiralty to send a line-of-battle ship, the *Victoria*, to the Mediterranean as the flagship of the Admiral there. It is not done because we think the dignity of the Admiral requires a three-decker, as has been erroneously supposed by some, but it is simply because, attached to every large squadron, you require to have a roomy, well-ventilated ship aboard which you may put a vast number of supernumeraries—that is to say, the reinforcements which are constantly being added to the crews of that fleet. If you were to put them on board armour-plated ships the men would, from want of ventilation, speedily become utterly useless and have to go into hospital. And therefore, until we can find a means of ventilating our armour-plated ships, we must be satisfied to have attached to our squadrons one or more of these large, roomy ships, on board which all what you may call the municipal duties of the fleet can be performed. I take the case of the flagship *Victoria*. Why, in the flagship in the Mediterranean we have at all times a great number, sometimes as many as 200 supernumeraries, put at once on board that ship. I ask, would the people of this country be satisfied if they heard that we had cramped up our men and caused fevers and diseases to break out among them because we had thought fit to put them on board such ships only as were fit to go immediately into action? These, then, are the simple reasons why the Admiralty have deemed it expedient that there should be attached to the Mediterranean fleet a large, roomy ship where all the Admiral's business can be transacted—business analogous to that which military men connect with the office of Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, and the Staff of the Army. We have in the fleet a great mass—alas! too great a mass—of writing and correspondence to be got through, and therefore we require to have a great extent of accommodation. And it is for this purpose, and not for the sake of any idle pageantry, that we keep our Admirals on board what Mr. Cobden calls great floating slaughter-houses; it is not for the mere convenience of the Admiral, but for the convenience of the fleet, that we have one of these commodious ships attached to the squadron.

He desired to allude to one more point concerning naval administration. The recent experiments which had been made in gunnery, and likewise with regard to armour-plating, had been watched with considerable interest. Amongst other systems, one had engaged public attention to a great extent; he meant the turret system. A very intelligent officer of the Navy had brought this system to considerable perfection on board the *Royal Sovereign*, and many interesting trials had taken place during the past summer. Now, he found it was generally supposed that there was a prejudice at the Admiralty against the turret system, and that, consequently, the *Royal Sovereign* was destined to be laid on the shelf and kept out of the view of the public. Nothing could be more fallacious than this idea. It gave him sincere pleasure to state that, as far as experience had gone in the working of the turret system, that system was a great success. It had been found that various difficulties which were anticipated by many vanished in practice. He was one of those who had always been very sanguine that this system of naval defence would take a high place in this country, and he had every reason to be equally sanguine now. But with respect to the *Royal Sovereign*, her own captain, one of the most distinguished officers of the Navy, reported that, although the turret system, in his opinion, and in the opinion of all on board, worked most satisfactorily, the *Royal Sovereign*, as she is, was not sufficiently a cruising ship for sea-going purposes, and that the utmost that could be expected of her was that she should be used for the protection of our coast, or, in an emergency, sent to the Mediterranean. Under these circumstances, the Admiralty thought it would be unwise to keep this ship in commission, as it was evident she could not fulfil all the conditions of a sea-going ship, but with the view and the earnest desire of carrying out fully experiments in this system they were making modifications in various matters of detail. Some accidents undoubtedly occurred to the ship. Her hawse-holes were damaged, and in various other respects she required repair; but he could only say that the moment she was ready she would be put to sea. He would add one more word on the subject. So impressed were the Admiralty with the success of the turrets so far as they had worked, that they had now under consideration the conversion of one of our large armour-plated ships which were now in course of construction into a ship upon the turret system.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.—The old difficulty occurs this year regarding the declaration of a holiday on the 26th inst., Christmas Day, this year, falling on a Sunday. A general suspension of business will probably take place, as on former similar occasions; but, owing to the absence of power, on the part of the Government, to legalise any such arrangement, the banks must nominally be kept open, thus causing, alike in London and the country, great risk, uncertainty, and inconvenience. "It is a singular fact," observes the *Times*, "that, in a commercial community, Session after Session should be allowed to pass without the introduction into Parliament of the short Act of half a dozen lines that would remedy the evil."

THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

This important work having now been completed, the accompanying Engraving and a sketch of the history and construction of the bridge will be interesting. The merit of originating the idea of a bridge which should span the Avon at Clifton, and unite the counties of Gloucester and Somerset, is due to William Vick, an alderman of Bristol, who as long ago as 1753 left a sum of £1000 in trust to the Society of Merchant Venturers of that city, which was to accumulate at interest until a sufficient sum was obtained for the construction of a stone bridge, which should be toll-free. The legacy was duly paid and the money invested, and in 1830 the fund amounted to about £8000. The inadequacy of this sum for the cost of the work rendered an Act of Parliament unavoidable, and one was accordingly applied for, which, after some unimportant opposition, received the Royal assent on the 29th of May, 1830. Immediately upon the passing of the Act the trustees advertised for plans, of which a number were sent in, and, out of the whole, five were selected, which were submitted to Mr. Davies Gilbert, formerly President of the Royal Society. Acting on Mr. Gilbert's advice, the trustees unanimously adopted the design of the late Mr. Isambard Kingdom Brunel, whose estimate for the work was £57,000. The land for the piers and approaches of the bridge on the Clifton side was liberally presented by the Society of Merchant Venturers of Bristol, and in 1831 the work was commenced. The work proceeded but slowly for some time, but the masonry was completed in 1840, and the ironwork contracted for. By the end of 1843, however, the whole of the funds, amounting to £45,000 (including Mr. Vick's gift), had been absorbed; and a further sum of £30,000 was required to complete the bridge. The trustees failed in all their efforts to raise the necessary funds, and, for a time, the enterprise was abandoned. For upwards of twenty years the two gaunt piers erected on the Somersetshire and Gloucestershire sides of the Avon formed a standing reproach to Bristolians, who were, perhaps not altogether unjustly, charged with beginning to build and not being able to finish.

After an unsuccessful attempt in 1857 to complete the undertaking, the project was again mooted in 1860, principally by members of the Civil Engineers' Institute, who were anxious, for the fame of Mr. Brunel, that the bridge should be completed. The Hungerford Suspension Bridge had to make way for the new railway bridge, and Mr. J. Hawkshaw, C.E., and Mr. W. H. Barlow, C.E., reported that the materials would be available, with but slight modifications, for carrying out Mr. Brunel's design for the Clifton Bridge.

The matter was brought before the citizens of Bristol by Captain Huish, the chairman of the present company, when an influential provisional committee was formed, and it was determined to organise a new company, with a capital of £35,000, in shares of £10 each, and to apply for a new Act of Parliament.

The new Act was obtained without difficulty, and received the Royal assent on June 28, 1861. Under the powers thus procured, the piers and land on both sides of the river were purchased for the old company for £2000, and contracts were concluded for the purchase of the ironwork of the old Hungerford Bridge, and for erecting it *in situ*. The work was commenced without delay, and has proceeded without interruption to the present time, the contractors being Messrs. Cochrane and Co., of Dudley. The engineers, as already intimated, are Messrs. J. Hawkshaw and W. H. Barlow. The construction has been superintended by Mr. Thomas Airey.

The Clifton Suspension Bridge differs considerably in its dimensions and details from the old bridge at Hungerford, from the materials of which it is principally constructed. The span of the centre is much greater, being upwards of 702 ft., while at Hungerford the span was only 656 ft. On the other hand, the piers at Hungerford stood up out of the river, necessitating a roadway suspended from the half spans on each side, as well as in the centre; while at Clifton, the approaches reaching to the piers themselves, the centre is the only part required, so that the chains on the land side of the piers can be much shorter than in the Hungerford Bridge. Hence the appearance of the curves described by the chains of the two bridges is very different. It should also be observed that the strength of the chains has been greatly increased in the present bridge, three chains being now employed on each side of the bridge, while at Hungerford each set only consisted of two chains. On the whole, therefore, about one fourth more ironwork is required for the Clifton Suspension Bridge than was obtained from the materials of the one removed from Hungerford. The bridge is suspended from two sets of wrought-iron chains—one over each side of the carriage-way. Each set consists of three separate compound chains, arranged one over the other, and each entirely independent of the others. They are composed of flattened links, each on an average about 24 ft. long and 7 in. in depth by 1 in. in thickness, the ends being enlarged to make room for the bolt-holes. These links are arranged side by side, the ends being interlaced with those of the next link, and one common bolt passing through them all unites them in a hinge joint. It has been stated that each chain consists of several links arranged side by side. It should also be remarked that the chains are rather stronger near the towers than in the centre of the bridge; the reason for which will be seen at once in the fact that in the centre the links have only to bear their share of the weight of the road, while at the ends they have also to bear the weight of the chains. To a certain distance from the towers, therefore, each chain is composed breadthwise, of eleven links alternately with twelve, while towards the centre there are only ten alternating with eleven. It was originally intended that the total width should be 24 ft., giving a carriage road of 16 ft., and two footways of 4 ft. each. To meet the wishes of Sir Greville Smyth these dimensions were increased; and, as actually constructed, the carriage road will be 20 ft. wide, and each of the footways 5 ft. 6 in. Neither the carriage nor footways are perfectly level, the carriage-way being raised in the centre and the footways rising towards the outer edge. By this arrangement all rain water flows into the gutter at the sides of the carriage-way, outlets being provided for that purpose at intervals along the inner edge of the footways. The floor of the carriage road is composed of sleepers of well-seasoned Baltic timber securely tongued together, over which is laid transversely another flooring of planking 2 in. thick; this gives facility in making repairs, by avoiding the necessity of disturbing the main flooring. The floor of the footways is of planking 2½ in. in thickness. The under framework of the bridge is constructed of light girders, the top and bottom of each consisting of 3½ in. x 3½ in. x ½ in. wrought angle-iron, strengthened and connected together by diagonal trusses of 2½ in. x ½ in. Being constructed thus entirely of wrought iron bolted and riveted together, they combine the utmost possible lightness with considerable strength. These girders extend transversely the entire width of the bridge and are bolted by their top flanges to the longitudinal girders 3 ft. deep, which separate the carriage road from the footways. These consist simply of wrought-iron plates well bolted and riveted together, and strengthened at top and bottom by angle iron. To these longitudinal girders the suspending-rods are attached. The top of the girders consists of two pieces of angle iron, one on each side of the plate forming the body of the girder. To the upper flanges of these are bolted at the proper distances attaching pieces, also of an angle section, to which the lower ends of the suspending-rods are attached by pivot-bolts. The footways thus project entirely beyond the suspending-rods, and are only bounded on the outside by a light iron balustrade rather more than 4 ft. in height. The magnificent prospect from each of the footways is, therefore, entirely free from interruption of any kind. The suspending-rods are attached at the top by pivot-bolts to eyes formed in the ends of short links, through the other ends of which pass the bolts of the chains, and which project downwards from the chains just sufficient for the purpose. All the suspending-rods are furnished with screw fittings, as usual, by which they can be adjusted precisely to the exact length which may be required. It will thus be seen that the framework of the bridge consists of two systems of girders, at right angles to each other. First in order from the top are the two longitudinal girders, running the whole length of the bridge, and which, being 3 ft. in depth, fulfil the double purpose of contributing to the strength of the structure and serving as

a fence between the carriage road and the footways. To the tops of these two girders the suspending-rods are attached, in the manner already explained; to their bottom flanges are bolted transversely the under girders, which, of course, run across the roadway. Upon these transverse girders the wooden flooring of the bridge is laid.

It may be interesting to compare the dimensions of the Clifton Suspension Bridge with those of some others more or less celebrated. The span of the Clifton chains from saddle to saddle is 702 ft. 3 in. The span of the Lambeth Suspension Bridge, lately completed from the designs of Mr. P. Barlow, is 1040 ft.; but in this case four piers or towers are employed, and the bridge consists therefore of three equal arches or spans. The immense space has, however, been crossed in a single span; the Queenston and Lewiston Suspension Bridge crossing the Niagara in one span of 1040 ft. There is another bridge over the Niagara of 798 ft., which, besides a roadway for foot passengers and carriages, supports above this a railroad track, and is daily crossed by passenger and goods trains. Another American suspension bridge crosses the Ohio with a span of 1010 ft. Nearer home the best known examples are the celebrated Menai Bridge of Telford, and the beautiful Fribourg Bridge, built by M. Challey. The Menai Bridge is 560 ft. in span, and about 100 ft. above high water. The bridge over the Sarine at Fribourg is much more imposing, being 870 ft. in span and 167 ft. above the river. It will hence be seen that several bridges have been constructed of greater span than the present; but still there are considerations which place the Clifton Suspension Bridge in the first rank, both as to its grandeur of effect and its importance as a great work of engineering. In the latter point of view, it must be remembered that all the bridges we have mentioned—except the Menai, which is much shorter—are suspended from cables of wire, which as they suffer much from oxidation, must be regarded as far inferior to iron chains, although lately, from their lightness and economy, they have been often substituted. The Clifton Suspension Bridge is the most magnificent chain bridge ever constructed, and for strength and durability may be pronounced unequalled. In grandeur of appearance it is beyond all attempt at rivalry. The Queenston Bridge, with its immense span of 1040 ft., does, indeed, exceed it in dimensions, but its effect is marred by its low position, and the roadway is only 20 ft. wide. The Fribourg Bridge is by far the grandest in effect of all that have been enumerated, but even that is only 167 ft. above the river which it spans; while the Clifton Suspension Bridge, 245 ft. above high water, is unequalled in the world, and will ever be regarded as one of the grandest conceptions of Mr. Brunel.

The bridge has this week been opened for public traffic.

SCOTLAND.

THE YELVERTON CASE.—On this case being called on in the Edinburgh Court of Session, on Saturday last, Mr. Gordon, for Major Yelverton, proposed that the judgment of the House of Lords be applied. Mr. J. Campbell Smith, for Mrs. Yelverton, objected to the application of the judgment, and asked that the consideration of the motion should be delayed until the question regarding the *res noviter* is disposed of. After a long argument, the Lord President announced that judgment would be given in a few days.

PROPOSED IRON GIRDER BRIDGE.—A great railway undertaking, resembling in character the Britannia, Saltash, and Victoria Bridges, and surpassing even these in point of dimensions, is to be submitted for the sanction of Parliament in the ensuing Session. The North British and Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Companies have given notice of a bill empowering them to construct a great iron girder bridge across the Firth of Forth, from near Blackness Castle, three miles above Queensferry, on the West Lothian coast, to Charleston, in Fifeshire. The plans of the bridge have been prepared by Mr. Thomas Bouch, C.E. The scheme was before Parliament last year, in connection with a rival line to Glasgow, which it was proposed to construct; but the North British and Edinburgh and Glasgow Companies having compromised their differences, the opposition line was withdrawn, and the Forth Bridge project was not entertained. This year it is brought forward in connection with a proposed branch of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and with the through line to Perth, and also to Dundee, via Taybridge, which the North British ask power to construct in Fifeshire. The length of the proposed bridge is 3887 yards, or two miles 367 yards. It will be about seventeen miles from Edinburgh and thirty-four from Glasgow, and is intended to accommodate an express route from these cities to the north of Scotland, in connection especially with what is known as the "east coast" route. Instead of a single span of 600 ft., with two side spans of 300 ft., which was the scheme of last year, it is proposed to make four spans of 300 ft. each over the navigable channel, the spans diminishing to 200 ft. and 100 ft. on each side. The clear height of the bridge in the channel will be 125 ft. at high water of spring tides, thus giving ample height for the tallest vessels frequenting the ports of Grangemouth and Alloa. The frame of the girders over the widest spans will be about 70 ft., giving a total visible elevation of 195 ft. for the distance of nearly half a mile, the height diminishing at the ends of the bridge as the spans become reduced in width. Taking the submerged part of the work, the height will be 25 ft. of foundation below the silt bottom, 50 ft. of depth of water at ebb spring tides, and 18 ft. of fluctuation of tides, making in all 285 ft. in height of work to be executed. The middle piers will be of stone to the height of 10 ft. above high water at spring tides, and the rest of the structure will be of malleable iron. The bridge will be built for a single line of rails, with a gradient in the south end of 1 in 134, and in the north end of 1 in 100, so as to give the necessary elevation in the middle. The dimensions of the Britannia Bridge may be stated by way of contrast:—Span, 460 ft.; height, 104 ft.; depth of tube, 30 ft. Two years ago the North British and Edinburgh and Glasgow Companies obtained powers to construct a through line via Queensferry to Dunfermline and Perth. The latter are forming their part of the line, consisting of a branch from Ratho to Queensferry, for local service and marine outlet; and the former will take up a portion of the line on the north side in connection with the Forth Bridge scheme. But leave will be asked to abandon the great ferry works and a portion of the north line, should the bridge be sanctioned. The cost of the bridge is estimated at between £500,000 and £600,000; but, on the other hand, the companies would save the capital cost of piers, breakwaters, and steam-boats, and cost of working the ferries. In connection with the Tay Bridge, an unbroken express line would be provided between Edinburgh and Dundee, saving the inconvenience, uncertainty, and delay of the Burntisland and Tayport ferries.

THE PROVINCES.

SHAKESPEARE IN BIRMINGHAM.—A discovery of great interest in connection with England's greatest poet has recently been made in the offices of a firm of Birmingham solicitors. Some dozen important deeds, including conveyances, grants, leases, &c., have been discovered relating to property adjoining Shakespeare's house in Henley-street, on the east side. These deeds bear dates from 1573 to about 1660. John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, was present at the signature of several, and the name of William Shakespeare himself is repeated a few times in some of them. The deeds are in excellent preservation, and the seals are in an unusually perfect condition. We believe that the seal attached to some of these deeds is likely to lead to some very interesting discoveries and to throw considerable light on our known Shakespearean relics.

A "JEREMY DIDDLE" AT PONTEFRAC.—On Saturday, the 18th ult., there appeared at the Pontefract Corn-market a corn-buyer who was a stranger. He had several samples shown to him, and wanted particularly fine barley, suitable for a bitter-beer malt. One lot of 28 qr. he bought at 32s., and 29 qr., at 32s. 6d., also 35 qr. oats—all of which he agreed to pay for on the following Saturday, at twelve o'clock, at Pontefract. The farmers, having delivered their grain at the stations appointed, attended to receive the money according to contract. They waited anxiously two hours beyond the time, but all in vain; when, finding the grain had been sent by rail to Doncaster, they determined to follow it. On arriving there they learnt that the grain had been delivered to three different firms in that town, and that all the lots had been paid for, and their customer had left the town on the morning of that day, taking care to change his local notes into bank of England paper and gold. The man had been in Doncaster two or three days negotiating the sale of his corn, and impressing upon the parties to whom he had sold it the necessity of removing it from the station to avoid demurrage charges.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW IN THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

THE task of the English husbandman this year is more than ever difficult. Forbidden by the market to be solely a cerealist, he relies upon flesh-making flocks and herds; but a disastrous drought has withered his green forage, withheld sweetness and succulence from his scanty roots, and filled his fields with interesting entomology—gnawing, boring, devouring the leaves, stems, bulbs, and tubers of his raw material for a year's manufacture of meat. Leibig, Lawes, the Royal Society, and the Cirencester College have discovered no substitute for rain; and while science says to practice, "cut, crush,

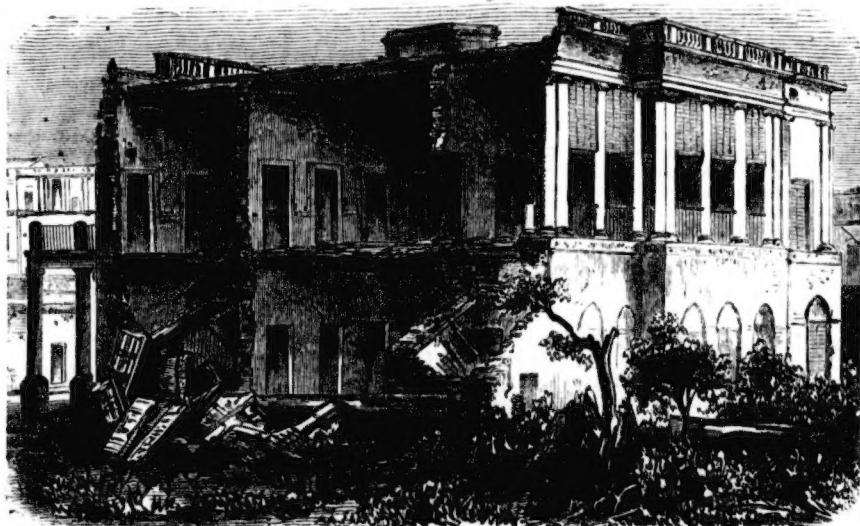
mix, pulp, cook, economise," the cheap, abundant nutriment lost in a blank root-crop can only be partially replaced. More than ever, then, must we look to the hardiest and most prolific vegetables, to the most thrifty and precocious animals, for maintaining our requisite produce of beef and mutton; and here is the Smithfield Club ministering to the emergency by the greatest success it has yet achieved in developing model carcasses for the butcher.

CATTLE.

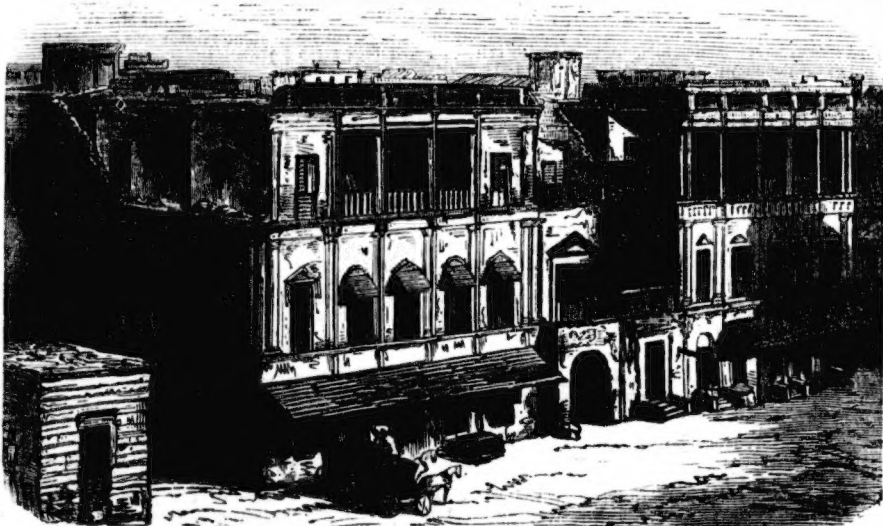
The cattle classes number many more animals than have ever before been submitted to the patting and pressing of critical fingers beneath the handsome roof of Islington Hall. The entries are 274, being an increase of twenty-nine over those of last year, and of ninety-three over those of the year before. As a whole, the animals, horned or polled, are decidedly of higher merit than we have seen for several years past—not from the presence of superlative specimens here and there, but from the absence of inferior and half-fed beasts. Among the thirty-four Devons the best young steer is that of Mr. Smith, of Exeter, which figured



THE EFFECTS OF THE LATE CYCLONE AT CALCUTTA: RUINS OF ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.



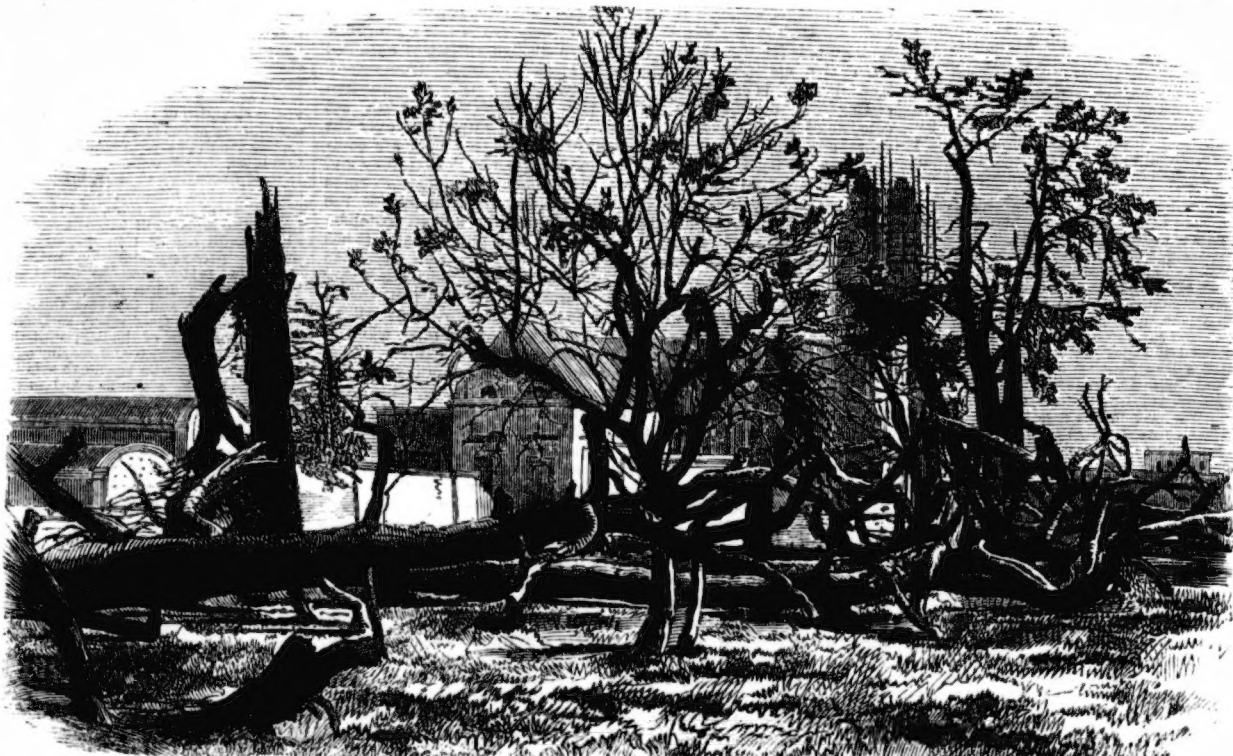
VIEW IN GOVERNMENT-SQUARE.



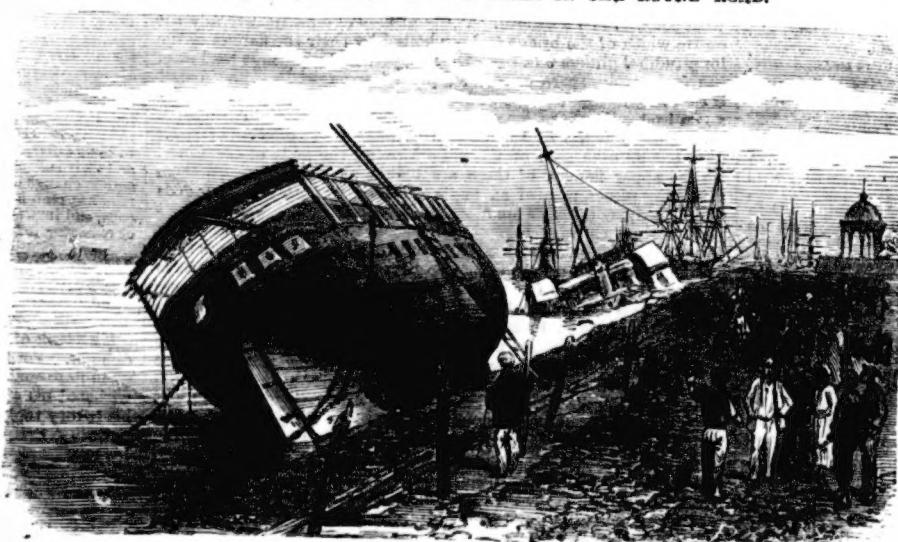
COLONEL BIRCH'S HOUSE IN PARK-STREET.

as "the best of the Devon breed" at Birmingham, and Mr. Robert Wortley, of Aylsham, takes the second prize in the same class. The first-prize older steer of Mr. Frampton, of Blandford, is a well-made, splendidly fed beast, heavy and handsome, with a beautiful wrinkled coat. Mr. Farthing, of North Petherton, wins the second prize; and Mr. Perkins, of Kingston, the third prize in the class. Mr. Farthing, of Bridgewater, takes the first prize for a Devon ox, which was first also at Birmingham; Mr. Ball, of Taunton, comes second with an ox of great substance as well as prime quality, beating Mr. Heath, of Norwich, whose third-prize beast has certainly much merit. High commendations are awarded to oxen exhibited by Mr. Buller, of Crediton, and Mr. Smith, of Exeter, in this class. The female Devons make a more feeble show, Mr. Smith, Mr. Farthing, Mr. Heath, Mr. Buller, and Mr. Blomfield, of Wells, gaining the prizes.

We have never had so grand a show of Herefords before. In the young steer class the prize-takers are Mr. Pike, of Tewkesbury, and Mr. Bedford, of Leominster; but all the other animals in the class get commendations. In the larger class of older steers the Birmingham first-prize beast of Mr. Yeomans, of Hay, is also first here. The second prize goes to Mr. Samuel Druce, of Eynsham, for a good beast, but with a little tendency to patchiness; and the third prize to Mr. Hatcher, of Bristol. The older steers and oxen form a grand class, with many animals of unusual excellence. Foremost, we have the Birmingham champion plate winner of Mr. Phillips, of Wantage; then the second-prize ox of Mr. Wortley; the heavy, well-fed third-prize ox of Mr. Symonds, of Romford; followed by the highly-commended animals of Mr. John Overman, of Burnham; Mr. Hall, of Croydon; Mr. Loyd, of Addington; Mr. Duffield, of Abingdon; and Mr. Heath. The heifers are few. In the absence of the Birmingham prize heifer, the Birmingham second-prize heifer of Mr. Baldwin, of Stratford-on-Avon, is here first; the Birmingham third-prize heifer of Mr. Arkwright, of Leominster, is here second; and the third prize goes to Mr. Dyott, of Lichfield.



EFFECTS OF THE STORM ON THE TREES IN THE ROUND ROAD.



THE RIVER POLICE STATION CAST ON SHORE AT THE ESPLANADE.

The first-prize cow is that of Mr. Stedman, of Shrewsbury, which won the gold medal as the best cow or heifer in Bingley Hall. But the judges (and one of them was in office at Birmingham) have reversed the order of precedence lower down in this class. Mr. Betteridge's second-prize cow was only commended at Birmingham, and Mr. Baldwin's highly-commended cow was second at Birmingham. The third-prize cow of Mr. Groves, of Shrewsbury, is in the same place she held in Bingley Hall. Mr. Read, of Elkstone, takes a high commendation in this fine class.

The shorthorns appear this year in much larger force and of greater general merit than ever. We have sixty entries, against fifty-five last year, and forty-four the year before that. The complaint of some time past that so few grand steers and oxen were fed for show no longer obtains; and the male shorthorns this time are altogether better than we ever saw before. Of the first-prize and silver-plate young steer of Mr. Kirkham, of Louth, we shall offer a few words presently; the Earl of Aylesford's second-prize steer is a rarely good beast, with prime beef and the right sort of hair for a feeder; and com-

mendations are well earned by two fine animals of Mr. R. Stratton, of Broad Hinton. The older steers make a very large and noble class. The Birmingham cup winner of Mr. Pulver, of Wellingborough, is first here, and a splendid animal it is. Messrs. Lenny, of Wateringbury, gain the second prize; and Mr. Greetham, of Wragby, the third prize. The older steers and oxen deserve great praise. The first prize goes to a grand red-and-white steer of Sir Capell Brooke. Are the judges quite right about the second and third prizes? The immense white ox of Mr. Carr, of Heslington, may be in its right place, but no place at all (not even a commendation) has been found for the Birmingham third-prize steer of Mr. Thomas Outhwaite, of Knareborough. This animal is well formed, level, uniformly, and not gone off at all in touch since the Midland Counties' meeting. Yet a second prize is given to the Earl of Gainsborough for a steer only commended at Birmingham—an animal without the straight, broad, well-covered back and out-springing ribs which distinguish the other.

We have an extremely fine show of short-horn heifers. The Duke of Sutherland's first-prize Birmingham heifer is here placed second to a magnificent strawberry heifer of Mr. Taylor, of Chipping Norton, which was not at Birmingham. Trinket wins the silver plate as the best female in all the cattle classes. Of wonderful depth through the heart, extraordinary substance, fine bone, beautiful head and face, and perfect quality of beef, and girth of 8 ft. 10 in., she is decidedly the gem of the show, the connoisseur finding only a trifling defect in front of the shoulderblade, and another upon the hind quarters, to detract from her exquisite symmetry. The third prize is taken by Mr. Aldworth, of Abingdon, for a very good white heifer.

In the grand cow class the first prize goes to Mr. Sharpe, for his white "Lady Windsor," fairly beating the firmly-fleshed second-prize cow of Mr. Greenway, of Bristol. Mr. Wortley gains the third prize.

Looking back for ten years, we find that while the gold medal or silver plate for the best female in all the cattle classes

has been carried off nine times by a shorthorn and once by a Hereford, the other medal for the best male animal has been won once by a Devon, once by a crossbred, twice by a Hereford, and six times by a shorthorn. Both plates this year adorn this latter noble breed. Of the half-score first-prize steers and oxen of different breeds and ages led out in competition for the crowning honour, the judges quickly singled out Mr. Phillips's Birmingham-plate Hereford. Mr. Kirkham's shorthorn steer, and Mr. Martin's great crossbred ox, for the final contest. After much deliberation, the crossbred was sent away—yet a grand beast, with expanded frame, great fore quarter, wonderful breast end, thickly-meated rib, with good head and fine horns, of great girth—9 ft. 11 in.—and immense weight, but a little deficient in the rounds of beef, not equal to the Hereford in front of the shoulder, nor of so beautifully firm and elastic a touch. Still longer were the umpires in determining between the Hereford and the shorthorn. The Hereford has a rare hind quarter, great rounds, a good chine, is well covered everywhere with beef of extremely fine quality, has fine bone, but is a little wanting in style of head; he is heavy, and girths 9 ft. 1 in. The silver plate was ultimately awarded to the shorthorn (which was not shown at Birmingham), a red-and-white steer of superb quality of flesh, beautiful coat, and extremely handsome. This beast has nothing like the size of the Hereford, and girths only 7 ft. 11 in.; but then it is a year and ten months younger.

The Sussex cattle have come up well—Mr. Langdale, of Dorking; Mr. Barton, of Hurst-green; Lord Leonfield, and Mr. Beare, of North Walsham, winning the first prizes. There is but one Suffolk poll, exhibited by Mr. John Overman. The show of long-horns is good, Sir Harper Crewe and Mr. Faulkner, of Burton-on-Trent, taking the first prizes.

The Scotch horned steers and oxen are so meritorious as to be "generally commended," Mr. Maxwell, of Thorney, Sir A. G. Cumming, and the Earl of Darnley taking the prizes.

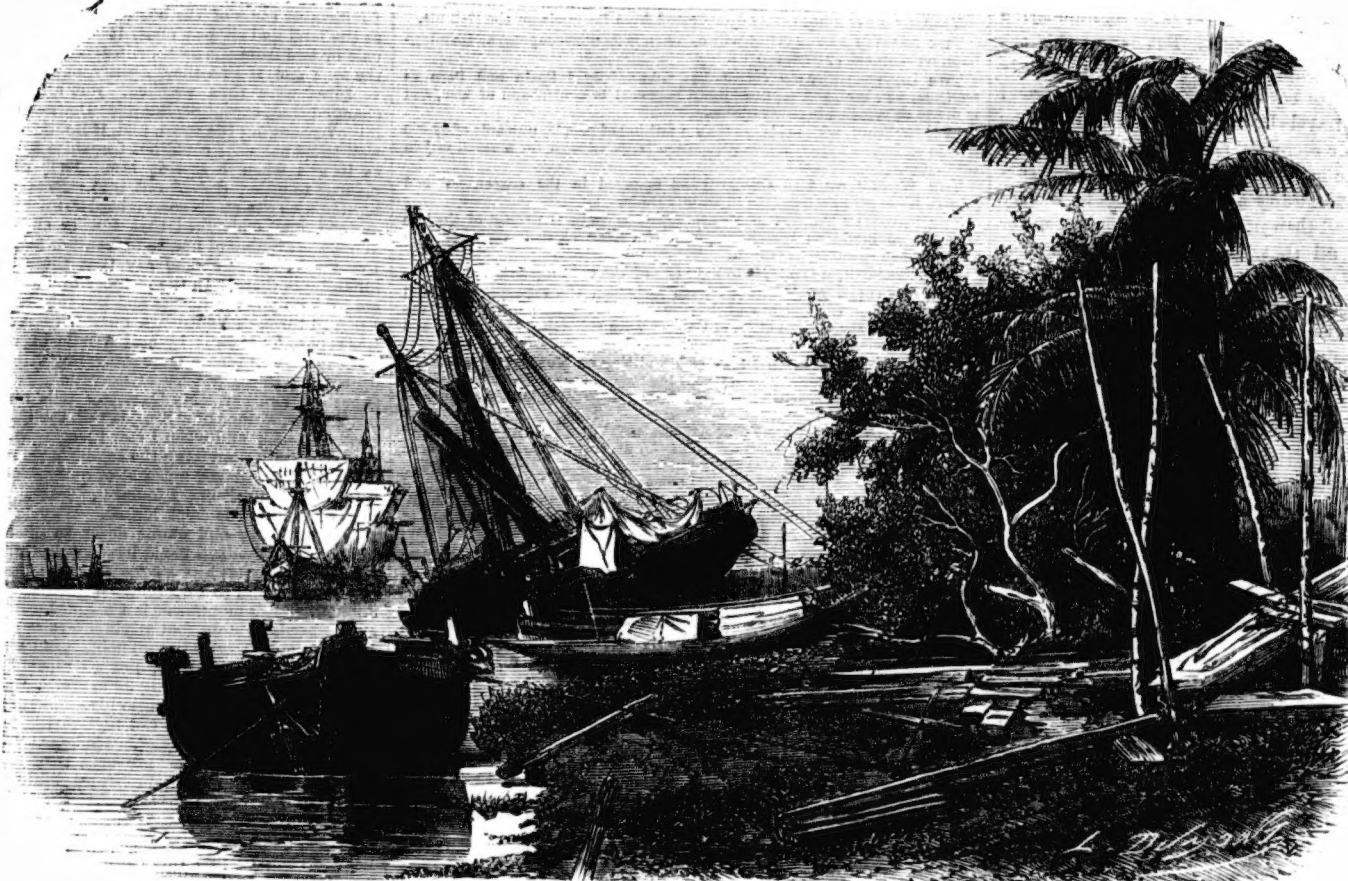
Mr. Allan Pollok, of Ballinasloe, Mr. Stewart, of Aberdeen, and Mr. Richards, of Preston, gain the prizes for Scotch horned cows and heifers.

The Scotch polled steers and oxen are of average merit, Mr. Heath's great Gallo-way being second to the first-prize ox of Mr. McCombie, of Tillyfour. The Earl of Southesk wins a first prize with a fine polled cow.

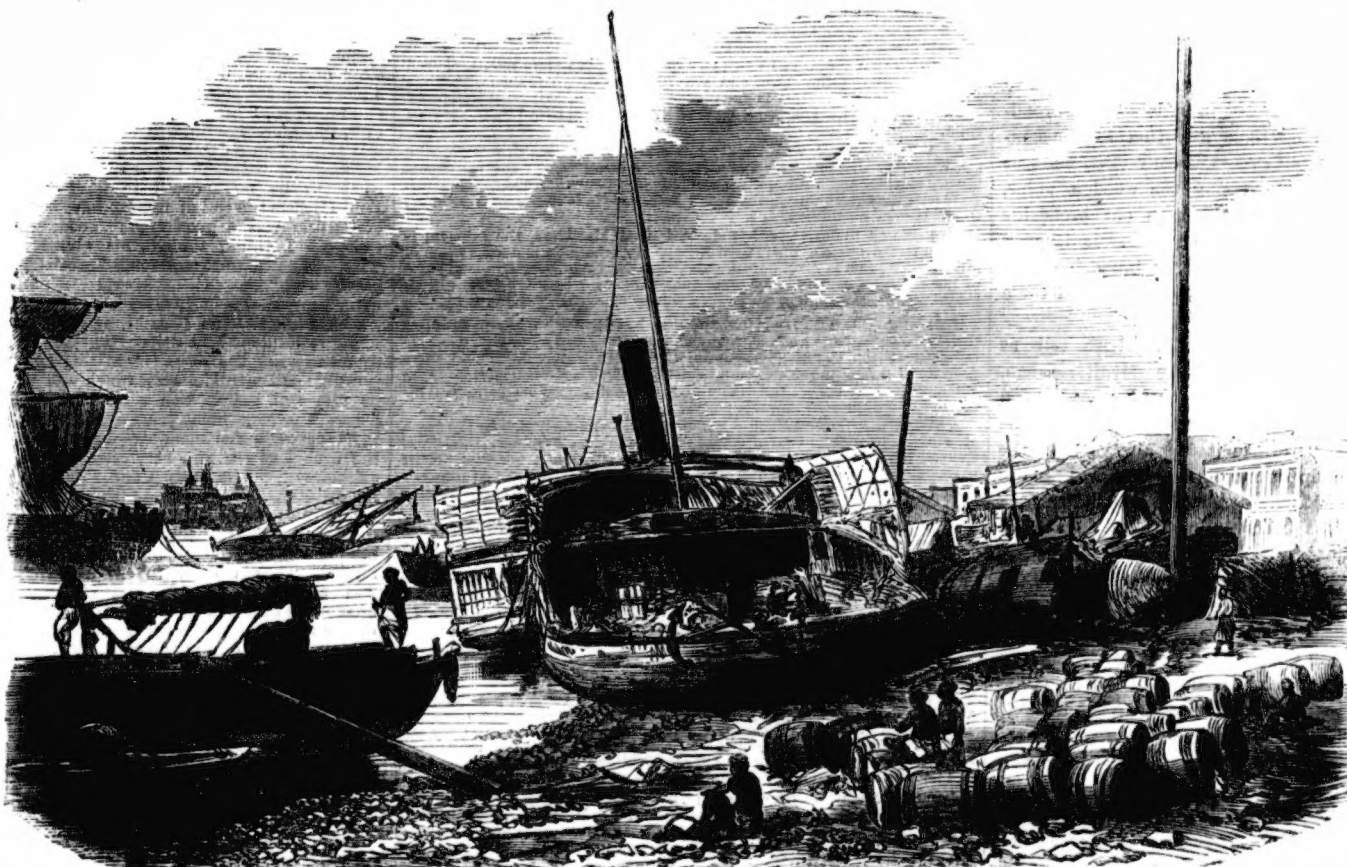
Irish cattle rarely come up well here; but this year we have a very good steer and a pretty Kerry cow of Mr. Allan Pollok, a Kerry of the Earl of Darnley, and specimens of the general stock of the dairying Emerald Isle, exhibited by Lord Berners and Mr. Christopher, of North Walsham. We have no less than ten Welsh runts, heifers, and cows, of fair merit, the chief prizetakers being Mr. Bennett, of Theddingworth, and Mr. Roberts, of Pembroke.



TREES TORN UP IN THE ESPLANADE.



THE THUNDERER, TWO THOUSAND TONS BURDEN, CAST ON SHORE NEAR THE ICEHOUSE.



VESSELS WRECKED NEAR THE RAILWAY SIGNAL-STATION. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. WALTERSON.)

The crossbreds are in large numbers, comprising many very valuable animals—Mr. Dawson, of Driffield; Mr. Farthing, Mr. Moir; Mr. Henry Overman, of Burnham; Mr. Martin; Mr. Matthews, of Thetford; Mr. Longmore, of Rettie; Sir Gordon Cumming, and Mr. Birkbeck taking the honours. Among the extra stock we notice some fine animals; the silver medal for males going to a Hereford ox of Mr. Loyd, and the silver medal for females to Mr. Sharpe's shorthorn cow, which was at the head of her breed at Birmingham.

SHEEP.

There is a fine show of sheep, Lord Walsingham distancing all competitors in the short-woolled classes, taking the silver cup for the best shortwools, with the Duke of Richmond coming second; Mr. Walmesley, Mr. Jordan, Lord Berners, and Mr. Bradshaw taking the chief Leicester prizes; Messrs. West winning the first prize for Cotswolds; Mr. Greetham taking the first prize for Leicesters; Lord Wenlock and Mr. Henry Smith being the great men among the Shropshires; Mr. Henry Overman and Mr. Druce winning with the Oxfordshires; Mr. Peel and Mr. Eastwood with the mountain sheep; and Mr. John Overman taking the silver cup for the best short-woolled sheep not South, Hampshire, or Wiltshire Downs.

PIGS.

The number of entries of pigs is seventy-one, and the gold medal is taken by Mr. John Saunders, of Fifehead, Blandford, Dorset, for a very successful result of feeding a pen, Yorkshire and cross, the inordinately fat beasts having been fed on barley-meal, skim-milk, and sugar, and affording in their obese proportions a very strong illustration of the truth of the theory of Mr. Banting as to the fattening qualities of milk, meal, and sugar. It is the only instance which we notice in the show of pigs having been fattened on sugar. The three pigs are worthy of the serious attention of the opponents of Bantingism. The Countess of Chesterfield exhibits a pen of very fat pigs, as also does the Earl of Radnor. Mr. Thomas De la Rue shows, as usual, some most commendable pigs, which, being only three months old, are remarkable specimens of precocity in the art of getting fat.

THE LATE CYCLONE AT CALCUTTA.

We have already published the particulars of the fearful hurricane which recently visited Calcutta, and which may be regarded as one of the most terrible calamities of the present century. Our Engravings this week are taken from some sketches made after the subsidence of the hurricane, and showing its effects in some of the principal places in Calcutta. On the esplanade the scene was one of the most extraordinary that can be imagined; and near the Ice House, which in Calcutta is an important public building, the fury of the storm was especially apparent.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

ADMIRALTY MANAGEMENT.

Two Admiralty officials—the Civil Lord, Mr. Childers, and the Secretary, Lord Clarence Paget—have within the last few days been enlightening the public on Admiralty management and the condition of the Navy. Some of the statements made by these gentlemen are pleasing, but others rather surprise us. The Navy, it seems, is in a most efficient state; we have thirty ironclads, built or building; seamen are not so scarce as was supposed; and, though we have spent a vast deal of money lately, we have a good return in effective means of defence, and the consequent security which the possession of these gives us. All this we are very glad to hear, and only hope that there is no official reticence or colouring which gives an appearance of fact to things that are not, especially as regards the readiness of seamen to enter the Royal Navy. Lord Clarence Paget admits that in this last respect things were not so always, or even lately. It is, in truth, only since the noble Lord has been in office that matters have assumed so satisfactory an aspect. Under the predecessors of the present board, hands were scarce; now we have not only men enough to man the ships in commission, but at least 1000 to spare. Besides, we have the Royal Naval Reserve, numbering 16,000 men. Very good, Lord Clarence. But is not this the sort of story that all public departments, and especially Boards of Admiralty, have been telling us for years past? And would not a new naval board say the same of the management of the noble secretary and his colleagues? Sir John Pakington is in the habit of saying that when he succeeded to power at the Admiralty he found things in a very bad state indeed. We had then neither ships, nor guns, nor men; and he changed all that. Lord Clarence now says the same thing: all was wrong when he came into office, and he has rectified all that. Perhaps if Sir John were again to take his old seat at the Admiralty, he would find that the country was still absolutely defenceless; that we still had neither proper ships, nor guns, nor men; that this was "all along of Somerset and his delay;" and that Clarence Paget was not altogether guiltless in the matter. Amid these conflicting statements how is the public to judge? and what security is there that we ever shall have an efficient navy, let us spend whatever money we may upon it?

But, leaving generalities, let us test Lord Clarence's claims for good management by two particular instances cited by himself. The Royal Sovereign, he says, is a "great success," quite effective as a guard-ship on the coast, and even capable of going to sea as one of the Mediterranean squadron, at any rate; and yet this "great success" is lying idle in port after having been only about a fortnight in commission! So great, indeed, is the success of the Royal Sovereign that the Admiralty have under consideration the propriety of converting one of our broadside ironclads now in course of construction into a turret-ship on the same model. Thus, the "good management" of the Admiralty is shown in building broadside ironclads, and then converting them into turret-ships! Surely, a simpler, more economical, and rational course would be either to build turret-ships from the foundation or to convert our old wooden hulks into that style of vessel, as was done with the Royal Sovereign. If turret-ships be so much better than broadside ironclads that it is advisable to convert the one into the other, it must occur to every one save an Admiralty official that the wiser course would be to build no more broadside ironclads, but devote our sole attention to the construction of turret-ships. At all events, if conversion must be done, let us commence by converting the wooden ships, which are of no use as they are, and keep our broadside ironclads, which possibly may be of some value. Is it good management to let Mr. Reed go on building broadside ironclads, in order that Captain Coles may afterwards pull them to pieces and make turret-ships of them?

Again, Lord Clarence and Mr. Childers both tell us that the Victoria has been sent to the Mediterranean, neither as a fighting ship nor merely to supply a grand and dignified residence for the Admiral. Oh dear, no! "She goes," says Mr. Childers, "because it has always been the custom" to send there a ship of her class as flagship. It has always been the custom! "There's the villainy" against which we protest. It has always been the custom to do a great many stupid things at the Admiralty, and it is precisely this custom which the public desires to see broken. Lord Clarence adds that the Victoria goes to the Mediterranean because a large ship is necessary to accommodate the staff of clerks and secretaries which the Admiral requires to carry on his business—to do the "municipal business of the Fleet," as his Lordship phrases it—and to act as a receiving-ship or dépôt for recruits for the other vessels of the squadron. And to furnish this accommodation the Admiralty send a ship loaded with 120 heavy guns, crowded with a crew of 1000 men to work guns which are not intended to be worked, and crammed full of ammunition which is not designed to be fired off under any contingency—except, we suppose, in salutes! The object of their

wise Lordships of the Admiralty is thus defeated by the very means taken to secure it; for where can there be room for clerks, supernumeraries, and recruits in a ship already as fully laden as she can bear with her own crew and munitions of war? If such a ship be needed for the objects specified at all, surely an empty one would answer the purpose better. Indeed, such a vessel is already on the station. The Hibernia, a wooden line-of-battle ship, is at this moment lying in Malta Harbour; and, if she is not there for the reception of supernumeraries, what is she there for? Really, the Board of Admiralty have an excellent right to complain of the criticism of their doings by the public and the press, and to claim credit for good management of the details of the business of their department!

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY visited London on Monday, her object being to inspect the progress of the memorial to the Prince Consort.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has just issued a ukase extending the abolition of serfdom to Transcaucasia, the only province of the Empire where that institution still exists.

THE KING OF DENMARK continues his journey in Jutland, and we learn that, despite the prohibition of the German Commissioners in Schleswig, a number of Schleswigers have gone to Kolding to pay their respects to King Christian, and to assert their Danish nationality.

THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND (Lord Harry Vane) will in future drop the family name Vane, and use that of Powlett only.

THE HON. AND REV. WILLIAM GEORGE HOWARD, who succeeds to the earldom of Carlisle, is Rector of Lonsborough, in Yorkshire, a benefice which is worth about £900 a year, and is in the gift of Lord Lonsborough. He was born in 1808, and has held his present benefice since 1832.

THE REPAIRS AND RESTORATION OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL, on which a sum of between £30,000 and £40,000 is to be expended, are about to be resumed, and preparations for this purpose are being made.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO has just addressed a circular to his clergy absolutely forbidding women to sing in churches.

A YOUNG FEMALE CHIMPANZEE has been added to the collection in the Zoological Gardens.

THE RACEHORSE BLAIR ATHOL has been purchased by Mr. J. Jackson, of Fairfield, for the sum of 7500 guineas—by far the largest sum given in modern times for a racehorse.

YELLOW FEVER had nearly disappeared from Bermuda on the 17th ult.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION will commence its next congress at Birmingham, on Wednesday, Sept. 6, 1865.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CHILI has acknowledged Spain and Peru as belligerent Powers, and has proclaimed that coal is contraband of war, and is not to be supplied to either nation.

IN NEW YORK, with not more than a million of people, upwards of 22,000 live in cellars—a subterranean population large enough for a small city in itself.

THE WHOLE OF THE OPERATIVES engaged in the carpenters' and joiners' trade are now on strike in Birmingham.

THE PRUSSIAN TROOPS who have returned from the scene of the late war entered Berlin on Wednesday, with the King at their head, amid an immense and enthusiastic crowd.

EARL SPENCER, it is said, is to have one of the vacant gardens.

THE CANADIAN AUTHORITIES have forbidden the export of arms and ammunition, in consequence of having received information that the Southerners in the western cities of Canada were collecting shot, shell, and cannon at various points.

THE GERMAN FEDERAL DIET, at its sitting on Monday, agreed to the proposition of Austria and Prussia that the federal troops should withdraw from the Duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg. There were nine votes for and six against the proposition.

A MEMBER OF THE EAST YORK ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS was shooting at a target the other day, when the ball from his carbine carried off the head of a passing blackbird and also hit the bull's-eye.

MR. W. RATHBONE GREG, Commissioner of Customs, has been appointed Comptroller of the Stationery Office in the room of the late Mr. J. R. McCulloch; Colonel Frederick Romilly succeeding to a seat at the Board of Customs in the room of Mr. Greg.

MR. SERJEANT A. J. STEPHEN, for some years one of her Majesty's Commissioners in Bankruptcy, has just died. The learned gentleman was well known for his "Commentaries" and other legal works. He was seventy-eight years of age.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY will be given this year in the school dormitory, on the evenings of Tuesday, Dec. 13; Thursday, the 15th; and Tuesday, the 20th.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION FOR GREECE has been finally ratified by the King taking the oath to observe and maintain it. The people of Athens are reported to be much elated with their new Constitutional prospects.

THE ENORMOUS NUMBER OF 291,597,240 eggs have been imported into this country in the first ten months of the present year—not very far from a million a day.

THE LATE DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., was buried on Friday week at Lower Norwood Cemetery. Among the mourners, besides the immediate relations, were Mr. Maclean, R.A.; Mr. E. Cooke, R.A.; Mr. W. Calder Marshall, R.A.; Mr. Carl Haag, Mr. Colnaghi, Professor Donaldson, &c.

MR. JUSTICE BYLES, at the Stafford Assizes: last week, in alluding to the recent colliers' strike, expressed his opinion that the establishment of tribunals for the settlement of disputes between masters and workmen in this country might be productive of great good.

A PRIEST OF NOTO, in Sicily, of the name of Giardino, has just been arrested at Naples on a charge of having, in 1860, stabbed a monk to death at the moment he was descending from the altar, after saying mass. The prisoner has been perfectly identified.

MORE THAN A HUNDRED VAGRANT CHILDREN are every month rescued from the streets of New York and sent to the west, where the farmers are glad to receive them. This is done by an association, styled the Children's Aid Society. The whole expense does not average more than 15dols. for each child.

AS A FERRY-BOAT, with twenty-two passengers on board, was crossing the Clyde, at Glasgow, she was struck by a heavy wave; the passengers became alarmed and restless, when another wave struck her, and she capsized. Four men were rescued from the boat's keel, and three others swam ashore; the remainder were drowned.

THE HOME SECRETARY has decided that Matthews, the cabman, is entitled to the whole of the reward for the apprehension and conviction of Müller. The sum is £300. Meanwhile, Matthews has been arrested by one of his creditors, and it is expected that claims for at least £560 will be lodged against him, so that the reward will be more than swallowed up.

THE REV. DR. THOMAS ARCHER, who has long been known as one of the most eloquent and learned of London preachers, died a few days ago. He belonged to the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Thirty-three years ago Dr. Archer was elected minister of Oxenden-street Chapel, near the Haymarket, and during the whole of that long period he performed his sacred ministrations in the same place.

A STORY that General Hooker has been left immensely rich by the death of a Mexican wife is thus disposed of by the San Francisco *Alta*:—"1. General Hooker's wife was not rich when he married her, nor at any other time. 2. General Hooker's wife was not a Mexican. 3. General Hooker's wife is not dead. 4. General Hooker never had a wife. 5. General Hooker is not a General, never was, and never will be."

A RESERVOIR, three acres in extent, situated at a short distance from Harrington, Cumberland, burst on Wednesday week, and deluged the main street of the town with a stream of water, described as four or five feet in depth. The water occupied several minutes in passing through High-street, but no personal injuries were sustained.

A PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has been established at Edinburgh, the chief feature of which is the engagement of an orchestra of sufficient strength and proficiency to do justice to the symphonies, overtures, and other orchestral works of the great masters. Mr. John Hullah has been engaged to conduct the first year's concerts.

AT A FIRE which took place in Mark-lane, early on Tuesday morning, great and daring courage was shown by fire-escape conductor Miller, who brought several members of a family out of the flames. Seeing that a little boy was still left behind, he rushed back and snatched him from his bed, but became so exhausted that the boy and his deliverer both fell, and would have perished had not a brother conductor come to his assistance.

JUDGE BALL, whose eccentricities have become very notorious in Ireland, was recently annoyed by the noise made by a mill in the vicinity of his court. He sent for the miller, and ordered him to stop the mill during his (the Judge's) pleasure. The mill was stopped accordingly, and has never resumed work. His Lordship, of course, forgot all about it, and perhaps forgets it still, unless it has been brought to his recollection by service of the notice of action for the loss its owner has sustained.

THERE HAS BEEN A MINISTERIAL CRISIS in New Zealand, Mr. Fox's Ministry having tendered their resignation; the Governor, however, declined to accept it. A large number of Maori prisoners had effected their escape and were fomenting a spirit of discontent amongst their compatriots.

A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN at Jackson, Michigan, has been carrying on the recruiting business in a novel manner. She offers to marry a man on condition that he will enlist and give her his bounty. She being strikingly handsome, the man consents. After he is gone she marries another. She has married four men and sent them to the army. On the fourth occasion she was detected.

A ROBBERY of a most extraordinary nature took place on the premises of Messrs. Baum and Sons, Lombard-street, between last Saturday night and Monday morning. The drawers and safes were forced open and all the coin and valuables contained in them carried off.

A ST. PAUL CORRESPONDENT of the *Chicago Times* telegraphs a statement, which we cannot believe without further information, as follows:—"Captain Fisk has arrived here. He reports having killed a number of Indians with bullets, and one hundred men, women, and children, with hard tack, saturated with strychnine."

TWO GIRLS were killed, on Sunday afternoon, on the line of rails between Dover and Folkestone on the South-Eastern Railway. They had been visiting their parents, and, on their return to Folkestone, were walking along the line, when the mail-train came up, and, before it could be stopped, ran over both, killing them on the spot.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, or, as I might say, base of operations—Ventnor, Isle of Wight; weather superb; thermometer 60 in the shade; a south-westerly wind gently blowing; sun shining brilliantly; sky blue, and so clear that ships ten miles off and more can be seen distinctly; roses in bloom; fuchsias, rhododendrons, pansies, &c., ditto; young ladies sitting at open windows; gentlemen lounging on the esplanade; and, in short, summer weather in December. Need I say that in such case politics are a sheer impertinence? But the cord which binds me to my weekly task is only stretched, not snapped; and, albeit I have but just dined, after a walk, a glorious walk, to Black Gang Chine and back along the undercliff, I must, however unwilling, buckle to. Really this Ventnor is a charming place. But how changed all is since, when I was young and in my prime, I wandered here a quarter of a century ago! Indeed Ventnor, as a town, may be said to have come into existence since then. Was there a church then? I think not. Nor do I remember a regular street. I recollect seeing when last I visited Ventnor merely a rough, irregular, somewhat chaotic undercliff, on which were perched here and there, in what appeared to me dangerous situations, some twenty or thirty houses. They were built upon the landslip; and I remember some of the boatmen then gave it as their opinion that as the land had slipped once, it would very possibly, after a heavy gale or two from the south, slip again and tumble all the houses into the sea; and, if I recollect rightly, one or more of the first building ventures were thus wrecked. But all this is changed now; so changed that, except St. Boniface Down—a beautifully-smoothed hill overhanging the town, and, if Boniface be Bonnyface, answering well to its name—I could not recognise a single feature of the place as it was when I saw it last. That chaotic landslip has been reduced to order, carved out into streets and terraces, paved, and lighted with gas, and is so weighted down with houses and thoroughly drained and embanked that further slipping need not be feared. What the number of houses in Ventnor is, and what the population, I do not know. I should say that there cannot be less than 3000 inhabitants there. In the memory of men now living there were, I am told, only seven houses and less than a hundred people. When I passed through Ventnor, a quarter of a century back, Bonchurch was separated from it by half a mile of road; now, the two join. Bonchurch was then a mere straggling village; but now it has evidently got to be a very aristocratic place, a sort of fashionable suburb to Ventnor. My Gazetteer tells me that in the churchyard lies Adams, author of "Shadows of the Cross." This author is unknown to me; and when I stood leaning on the wall of the churchyard, wistfully examining the tombstones, it was not to discover the monument of Adams, but that of quite another sort of man—to wit, "John Sterling;" and I found it. But I could not get at it, for this churchyard is kept locked. Why is this? Churchyards are public property and ought never to be locked up, nor churches neither. No doubt, I could have got admission by hunting up the sexton and paying him a consideration; but this did not jump with my humour, and so I contented myself with looking over the wall. John Sterling's monument is a simple headstone, and nothing more; and he needs no more, for Carlyle has raised to him a monument more durable than brass and more noble than anything the sculptor's art can achieve. Here, then, lies all that is mortal of the beautiful, brave, courtesant, flashing John Sterling; and here sat Carlyle, his biographer, when it came into his mind that he "had a commission higher than the world's—the dictate of Nature herself," to go and write the life of his friend. Thus far was written in the island. And now, no more of my visit there. For a week I lingered there; but Duty at last, in her inexorable way, called and would admit of no more of this; and here I am again at my desk—Ventnor, with its bright, flashing, sparkling sea, and over-arching blue sky, and lovely summer breeze, lying already behind me, like a mere dream, or like those brilliant patches of light in the dark ocean, which, as Tennyson sings, "isle themselves in the offing."

And so Lord Carlisle is dead. The news of this event met me as a stepped on to the shore at Southsea, after a voyage of an hour from Ryde through a fog so dense that our good captain had to plant I couple of men at our bows to look out, another to heave the lead, the steam-whistle shrieking the while to warn the various craft to keep clear of our path. "The Death of the Earl of Carlisle" headed a placard on the pier, and every passenger as he passed made pause and muttered, "Lord Carlisle dead!" as if surprised. To me, however, though sorrowful, this news was no surprise. I knew that he was afflicted unto death, and that a few days, more or less, must end his struggle with his foe—no, not foe; but friend—for life had come to be mere death in life; and to a good man like Lord Carlisle the end of it must have been welcome. For the Earl of Carlisle was a good man; goodness was his great characteristic. I think, though, his abilities have been underrated. "He was not a great statesman," proclaims a biographer in a daily paper; and "he was not a great statesman" will be echoed through every provincial print in the land. Well, who is a great statesman, I should like to know? How many great statesmen have we now living in England? I suspect that the muse of history when she comes to write the narrative of this age will not discover many great statesmen. The work which was given to Lord Carlisle to do he did, and did it well. No man of this generation has done his work better. Some years ago I had some talk with Lord Carlisle. It happened in this manner:—I was voyaging up the Rhine. On the boat I saw a tall, gentlemanly man, who seemed to be very affable with the passengers, and, thinking that he was familiar with the country, I got into chat with him in this way:—"I had seen him before in the cathedral at Cologne listening, as I thought, intently, to Mozart's Twelfth Mass; and so I introduced myself by asking him how he liked the music in the cathedral. 'Really,' he replied, 'I am sorry to say I have no ear for music.' I was astonished at this, and still more so when I learned afterwards that this was the Earl of Carlisle; and I remember pondering in my mind whether it was better to be a great Earl without this sixth sense or a poor commoner endowed with it, and I think I came to the decision, provisionally, that not for an Earl's coronet and Castle Howard, and all the lands attached thereto, should I like to sell my susceptibility to the pleasure which I felt whilst listening to that Twelfth Mass. But the noble Earl, though he had no ear for music, had a keen relish for the beauties of the scenery around us. By-the-way, it was curious—at least so it seemed to me—that his Lordship, though then far advanced in life, had never been on the Rhine before. This he told me in answer to inquiries about the town and villages on the banks of the noble river. The death of the noble Earl was, as I have reason to know, felt as a grievous calamity by his tenantry; for I happened to meet with a farmer the other day whose family has held under the Howards for two hundred years, and he seemed quite shocked when

I told him the Earl was dead. "It will be bad news," he said, "in Cumberland and Yorkshire; for a kinder landlord than his Lordship never lived; and we know nothing of his successor. There are no leases," he said, "given on the Carlisle estates; and when a new Earl succeeds we know not what may happen." "No leases?" said I. "No. And yet there are families who have held the same lands since the days of Belted Will Howard." "Oh! the new Earl will doubtless," I replied, "act upon the custom of the family." "Most likely he will; but who can tell?"

Neither Mr. Russel nor Mr. Hughes is to have the comptroller-ship of the Stationery Office. It has been given to Mr. William Rathbone Greg, a Commissioner of Customs. Mr. Greg has received £1200 a year as Commissioner of Customs. Will he begin at the Stationery Office at £1000? I should think not. He would hardly give up £1200 for £1000. I suspect he will take the maximum salary of £1200 and a house. His successor at the Board of Customs is Colonel Romilly. The Romillys are a much-favoured race. There is Sir John, Master of the Rolls, £6000 a year; another Romilly, Clerk of the Crown, £1200; another, Chairman of the Audit Board, £1500; another holding office at the Tower; and now another gets a commissionership of Customs at £1200. Mr. Rathbone Greg was once a contributor to the *Westminster Review*, and he wrote a book entitled "The Creed of Christendom: its Foundation and Superstructure."

Last Session there was a good deal of desultory fighting about a dockyard at Malta. Colonel Talbot, Sir James Elphinstone, Sir John Hay, and Sir John Pakington, assailed the Government very fiercely about this dockyard, asserting that it was built in the wrong place. Lord Clarence Paget, as is his wont, defended the position through thick and thin, and defended it successfully. But, as the great Duke at the head of the Admiralty has been to see the dockyard, and has issued his ukase that the works be stopped, how will Lord Clarence meet his critics next year? Will he, in that bland, candid, and penitent manner of his, cry "Peccavi!" and humbly confess that he was wrong? It is funny enough to see the great Duke toss over his subordinate in this unceremonious way.

It is a pity that religious enthusiasm should be generally so little tolerant, and clerical zeal usually so void of discretion. Two valuable incentives to human action are thus lost, or, worse still, perverted. But so it is. In proportion as men—and particularly religious men—are earnest and sincere in their convictions, are they intolerant of opposition to their own ideas; and in proportion as they are consumed by a fiery zeal do they lose sight of that wise discretion and that forbearance towards others which lie at the root of all real success. The Scotch are especially prone to these failings. There is, perhaps, no class of men so earnest in their convictions as the religious portion of the Scotch; neither is there any class so intolerant of opposition, or so deeply imbued with the persecuting spirit, the latest exhibition of which was made at a meeting of the Free Church Presbytery of Kirkcaldy the other day. The "Free Church" of Scotland prides itself greatly on its distinctive appellation; but "freedom" in the mouths of the organs of that body apparently means only freedom for themselves. Accordingly, at the meeting referred to, a furious onslaught was made upon all travelling or recreation whatever on Sunday, and particularly upon the directors of the North British Railway for running goods-trains on that day. Now, to begin with, the conduct of the particular railway in question could not have been directly offensive to the pious men of Fife, seeing that the wide Frith of Forth rolls between them and it. Secondly, the running of goods-trains on Sunday and during the night is the chief safeguard the public possess against collisions, mutilation, and death; the crowded state of most of our great lines of railway making it impossible to carry on the goods traffic at the same hours as the passenger traffic. It is not pleasant, I dare say, for guards, and engine-drivers, and stokers to have to work on Sunday; but neither is it so to have to work during the night, and if the one is to be discontinued on the score of unpleasantness so ought the other. But if such work is necessary, individual feeling and convenience must yield to that necessity, and of this railway directors must be better judges than the rev. members of the Kirkcaldy Presbytery of the Free Church. Besides, what right has any religious or other body to interfere in the matter? The question of working or not working on Sunday or at night is one for arrangement between railway directors and their servants; and those who travel on Sunday must be allowed to use their own judgment as to its necessity, and be responsible for the use they make of that judgment—but not to men. To compel Sabbath observance by law is to enforce formalism, and to violate the whole spirit of Christianity and of Protestantism. The entire life and teaching of the Founder of Christianity was a revolt against the formalism of his day; the Reformation was a revolt against formalism; the struggles of the Puritans and the Covenanters were revolts against formalism; the great French Revolution was a revolt against formalism in Church and State; in fact, all great popular movements are revolts against formalism in one shape or other. Let the Scotch clergy consider these facts, and be wise; let them temper their enthusiasm with tolerance and their zeal with discretion. In this way they will secure more attention to their teaching, and be more successful in combating the large mass of practical irreligion which, as everyone who knows Scotland is aware, exists in the north side by side with much outward show, and but ill-concealed by it.

The Davenport mystery has never appeared to me to be anything beyond an exemplification of a very old English proverb, "What one man can tie another can untie." Last Saturday I accepted an invitation from a brother lounge (the *Flâneur of the Morning Star*) to attend a private séance to be given by the Brothers at the Hanover-square Rooms to a select party of journalists and scientific gentlemen. The performance was precisely what I had before witnessed, except that, by reason of the Brothers being tied more skillfully than usual, their release was unusually protracted. As an entertainment, the affair is decidedly the dullest I ever witnessed—duller, even, than a penny reading in a parochial school-room. However, I was paid for a wearisome attendance by hearing from the lips of the Davenports themselves, upon their platform, expressions tantamount to a confession so far as any pretensions to spiritual aid may be involved. They came out of their cabinet, panting, perspiring, and complaining loudly of the way in which they had been bound. One of them tied a knot in the rope provided for the occasion, and then appealingly asked how anyone could be expected to untie such a knot in such a cord in a moderate time. The other, in my hearing, declared he would not undergo another such trial for a hundred pounds. The gentleman whom he addressed responded, "It must certainly have been a great exertion." "Exertion!" replied the Davenport; "Sir, the exertion was awful!" This would be all honest enough if it were announced that the Brothers exhibited simply the feat of untying a rope. It is very pitiable that these two young men should have been so misled as to pretend to preternatural powers instead of relying upon their novel trick of self-extraction. They have provoked animosity and opposition where they might have gained patronage, and have exposed themselves to be branded as impostors by those from whom they might have won laudation as jugglers. As a subject of scientific investigation the whole performance is beneath contempt.

The publication of Gustave Doré's illustrations of "Don Quixote" in a cheap form is a very great treat to people whose means are—well, we'll say not unlimited; but it must be a vexation to our draughtsmen to see how he can draw and how he is engraved. It is said that he has—and he is a young man—already made upwards of forty thousand designs—and how few comparatively are bad? This is the more curious because I am told, on good authority, that he never makes a sketch, but puts his subject on the wood at once.

We ought to be getting nervous about our wood-engravings now, as we have lost several draughtsmen of late. Leech is gone, and Birket Foster has long since relinquished drawing on wood for water-colour painting; Walker, I am told, is about to follow his example. *Punch* has been making trial of many new hands of late, but not with much success, until last week, when he appears to have found someone who can draw. I think the first cut in the number

for that week—"A Caution to Ladies Waiting for Omnibuses"—is one of the nicest drawings I have seen in the pages of *Punch* for some time; and it is to be hoped, whoever the artist is, he will be "retained on the establishment," if only to keep out some of the inartistic semi-outlines we have been favoured with of late.

Can the dumb speak? So it would appear, from the following advertisement:—

To the Deaf and Dumb.—I, the undersigned, Ebenezer South, of 2, Mary-terrace, James-grove, Commercial-road, Peckham, aged twenty-three years, hereby declare that I have been born deaf, and have been educated by signs for five years in the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Old Kent-road; that, after having received twenty-seven lessons from Mr. Mary, of 3, Bulstrode-street, Cavendish-square, I begin to speak, and highly recommend all those likewise afflicted to apply to Mr. Mary, who certainly will teach them to speak and reply.

(Signed) EBENEZER SOUTH.

This address has about it all the evidences of reality and truth, and, unless it be some stupid hoax, Mr. Mary possesses a power of infinite value.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

This month a "sacred fury" of illustration seems to have come over the magazines; and the drawings are almost all good in the numbers on our table.

London Society, which is always strong in this department, is far better than usual. The letterpress, too, is very fair. "The Ordeal for Wives" is ended; and the worst thing about it is the "moral," which is trivial and looks like an afterthought. However, I must add that I have watched the writing of this story with some care, and have no difficulty in affirming that the writer of it is a thinker. I say this, not because I agree or disagree with opinions hinted or expressed from time to time (that is quite another matter, though it is what guides a good many critics), but because, whatever the opinions may be, right or wrong, it is very easy to discern that a highly intelligent mind has arrived at them. In plain truth, there need be no difficulty whatever in fixing the mental "whereabouts" of this author; but that is entirely beside the mark. We shall be glad to see another novel by the same hand, and shall expect it will be a good deal better—good as is "The Ordeal for Wives."

Temple Bar is a varied and excellent number. The new story, "David Chantrey," by Mr. W. G. Wills, promises well. Mr. Wills's manner has all the best of the French manner and none of the bad. He is welcome, very welcome! "The Doctor's Wife" is closed; and, as the story, in its three-volume form, has already been reviewed everywhere, I shall say little about it here. It is unquestionably an advance upon the author's former novels; an advance so considerable as to give point to a hint which was ventured upon in this Journal in a review of "Eleanor's Victory," that she might one day, perhaps, give the critics all the slip, and come out with something really great. Unfortunately, however, a just criticism of this last novel would necessarily be, in great part, a psychological study, however indirect, of the author herself; the sort of thing from which one flinches, and with good reason. The worst feature in "The Doctor's Wife" is the occasional intrusion of secondhand opinion. But the state of mind in which that trick—an involuntary one—is possible, will pass away; as well as the too-physical manner.

In the *St. James's* we again meet this accomplished lady in "Only a Clod," and heartily are we forced to admire her again. From Mr. Scoffern's article on Baron Reichenbach's Od-force nonsense we extract a passage that refers to the

BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

A final word, and it refers to those extremely ingenious individuals, the Davenport confederacy. If wise, they will speedily retire from their present prominent position. A joke is a joke, but joking may become too practical. Their little mystery cannot last for ever; and although these very cautious gentlemen, keeping their company select, refuse me the opportunity I had longed for of being present at a small séance, when, as a matter of experiment, I had resolved on throwing a little iodide of nitrogen over their floor, or of grasping their luminous hands in mine, through the intermediation of a pair of gloves studded with fish-hooks, or sending a charge of small shot at the apparition—they may come to grief for all that. When the tale is told, the mystery revealed, if it be not competent for the law to punish them as rogues and vagabonds, making money by false pretences, then all I say is, there is another law for Irish witches and English fortune-tellers.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* is, like *London Society*, capital illustrated. There is a highly-intelligent article about the *Cagots*; and Miss Claxton's drawing to Miss Yonge's story is surprisingly clever—if anything could surprise us from that lady's pencil. The paper about the Crusaders is simply stupid; unfortunately, also, it has, we dare to guess, been mutilated to make it fit in. However, we have so much the less of it; that's one comfort. The rest of the magazine is good. The papers about "Our Bishops and Deans," I have already said, are excellent.

Mr. Beeton's magazines, *The Englishwoman's* and *The Boy's Own*, are before us. The second contains the close of the late Mr. Edgar's last tale for boys—a story of the Great Charter. But it appears that some fragments yet remain in the hands of Mr. Beeton from the same accomplished pen, and that they will appear from time to time, as opportunity offers. Mr. Beeton's *Boy's Magazine* has competitors, all of them deserving of praise; but I can, with even unusual earnestness, say that it is still unapproached in merit. Those Victoria Cross narratives are among the most interesting things that can be found in current literature.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Who shall say that the stage is not a great moral agent, when a drama more than four hours long, founded on the evils of intemperance, is sat out and heard out patiently? Not Mr. George Crilksbank, certainly, nor any member of any of those teetotal societies whose banners proudly flaunt the breeze on occasions of high plum-cake festival and muffin celebration, when the infant victims—I beg pardon, I should say the rank and file of the raw young material of future alcohol-hating citizens—march two-and-two in the ranks of civilisation, enlightenment, abstinence, and human progress. Indeed, the favourite chant—the Marseillaise of stout-hearted young teetotallers from four years of age to twelve—might with great propriety be sung in the new ADELPHI drama of "The Workmen of Paris." I wish that the present generation of playgoers would make a public vow to abstain from sensation and all sorts of dramatic raki, vodka, hashish, and bang. If those columns of the newspapers that are devoted to accidents and offences are to be sought by dramatists as subjects for plays; if we are to have the realism of the late Tom Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," without the poetry; if steam-power and mechanical scenic gasometers, engine-wheels, furnaces, and Nasmyth's hammers are henceforth to be considered available dramatic properties, let us go the whole horrors. Let the next sensation be a correct view of the ward of the hospital; or an effect might be got with a divided scene—the patients stricken by fever on one side—the lunatics upon the other; or could not a "thrill" be founded on Hogarth's "Progress of Cruelty"? The dissecting-room, with all its hideous paraphernalia, would be a great "hit," and the scene itself would look capital on a scarlet or green poster. "The Workmen of Paris" is not a good piece. Its plot, if it have one, is uninteresting, and the effects are not led up to naturally. Mr. Webster plays the principal part admirably; the character is, in itself, a singularly fine one; and that Mr. Webster should so far outshine the lesser lights revolving round him is partly attributable to the fact of the remainder of the *dramatis persone* having very little to do. There are some strong effects in the piece, as, indeed, in a drama in nine tableaux—that is, acts—that lasts four hours there need be. There is ample time to play two good dramas between 7 and 11.30 p.m. Mrs. Stirling, Miss Woolgar, Miss Henrietta Sims, and Mrs. and Mr. Billington, exerted themselves to the utmost; but the materials with which they had to work were so material that they produced but little impression. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Stuart, and Mr. Stephenson also deserved commendation. At the fall of the curtain there was considerable applause, but there was also some hissing. Doubtless many considerate folks thought, as did your Lounge, that the worst of the old evils of

conventional comedy and drama, the airy marquis, the crabbed miser, the impossible soubrette, the virtuous farmer, villainous squire, and sentimental dairymaid, were infinitely preferable to this new school of engineering melodrama, where morals are pointed and poetic justice meted out by furnace, lathe, cog-wheel, pulley, and strap.

Mr. Fechter has appeared as Ruy Blas at the LYCEUM. The merits of this performance, in which he first took London by storm, are too well known to need recapitulation. Mr. Ryder plays Don Sallust and Miss Carlotta Leclercq the injured Queen.

The feat of writing the advertisements for ASTLEY's almost rivals the exploits of the "wonderful daring Menken." Surely the exhibition of the author of the Astleyan Christmas programme would be attractive for a few nights. He could wear a "classical" costume and might compose a "poster" on horseback while ascending a precipice—a feat hitherto unattempted by any author on record. The last specimen of this singular sentence-stringer reminds the public that Mr. Smith "was the first lessee to give morning performances of the pantomimes for the comfort and convenience of his little holiday visitors, and which last season were so numerous attended that many families were unable to obtain seats on the mornings of representation, more especially as the pantomime was superior, and the prices one half less than those charged by him for admission when lessee at Her Majesty's and Old Drury, which in addition to the abolition of the obnoxious tax of booking places proved a great consideration to fathers of families." I offer this as a sort of puzzle, or dislocated conundrum, to little boys of inquiring minds home for the holidays. Is it the fact of Mr. Smith being the inventor of morning performances? or that they were numerous attended last season? or that families were unable to obtain seats? or that the pantomime was superior? or the prices one half less? or that Mr. Smith was formerly lessee of Her Majesty's and Old Drury? or that the "obnoxious tax" is abolished? or all these circumstances put together, that is to be considered the boon to families? Given, managerial philanthropy, to find the advantage to the public. But let me proceed—"The pantomime, written expressly for children by a veteran manager." This is the pathetic. It conjures up to the mind's eye a manager in a green old age and a leafy retirement either endeavouring to make amends for a misspent life, or to conclude a virtuous existence in the pursuit of a calm and dignified occupation, as the case may be, by writing pantomimes for children. But, to continue—"It" (the pantomime written expressly for children by the veteran manager) "will contain a pretty fairy tale. There will be a stud of horses and ponies to amuse children" (I thought the pantomime was written expressly for the juveniles. Surely this is a reflection upon the powers of the veteran manager) "One hundred ladies of the ballet, and all the first-rate available talent of the day." There is a local propriety at Astley's in the "first-rate available talent" coming after the stud of horses and ponies. "The evening performances will conclude, after the first night, about eleven o'clock, to enable families to leave by the early trains." This, as an Irishman might say, "bates Bannagher!" Does the ingenious writer mean the "early trains" that start the following morning? "Every day the performances will commence at two o'clock and conclude about five o'clock, in time for children's teas." This is a master-stroke of policy. "Families attending will inquire" (will they? Is the writer sure of this?)—"families attending will inquire for the new children's retiring-room, specially fitted by Mr. Smith for his little friends." The director of Astley's Amphitheatre is certainly a ladies' manager, and the blessings of anxious mammas, faithful nursemaids, and all "new" children, will doubtless be showered on his head during the run of his grand new Christmas pantomime.

THE CHESSPLAYERS.

THAT man must have a robust mind who can sit down to play at chess as a nightly amusement after the day's work is done. He must have a mind robust either in the sense of strength or stolidity. He may be a man capable of commanding armies, organising governments, forming political combinations, executing treaties, originating budgets, or speculating in "contangos." He may, on the other hand, be an individual eminently fitted for perpetually cutting beef sandwiches, baling water from boats, oiling machinery in motion, turning a mangle, or picking oakum. Chess is, in fact, the game which touches the two social poles, and nobody but people of concentrated effort, or those who desire to find something which will compel them to think, as a relief from the tedium of intense amusement, can hope to be successful in solving its problems.

We have to thank the artist from whose picture our Engraving is taken for presenting this amusement (save the mark!) under new conditions. Hitherto such paintings, as have been supposed to illustrate the noble game at which so many dull people gain a lively reputation, have presented us only with a pair of players—mostly a lady and gentleman: their thoughts elsewhere than on the pawns, their position indicated by the words "mate," or "in check," or "the queen in danger." Here, in this charming group, amidst many other charming pictures in the Winter Exhibition at Pall-mall, under the direction of Mr. Fitzpatrick, chess is made the occasion for introducing real life and interest quite apart from the humdrum diversion of the players. He, whose face is seen, is too nervous, capacious, and excitable for such a contest; but the worthy gentleman, whose well-fitting stockings, neat shoes, and irreproachable wig so well accord with the portrait of his back, is the very person to find in chess all the hidden delight which lies under the semblance of bishops, knights, and castles.

There is a physiognomy in backs, of course; that has been found out long ago, and this trim, smooth, thoughtful person will be heard of otherwise than as a dabster over the chequers. He is great in small classics already; can quote Horace and Catullus; and has written epigrams for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. But his real strength lies not here: soon will his friends be astonished at some masterly treatise—say on the "Depreciation of the Current Coin Considered in Reference to the Increase of Tradesmen's Tokens."

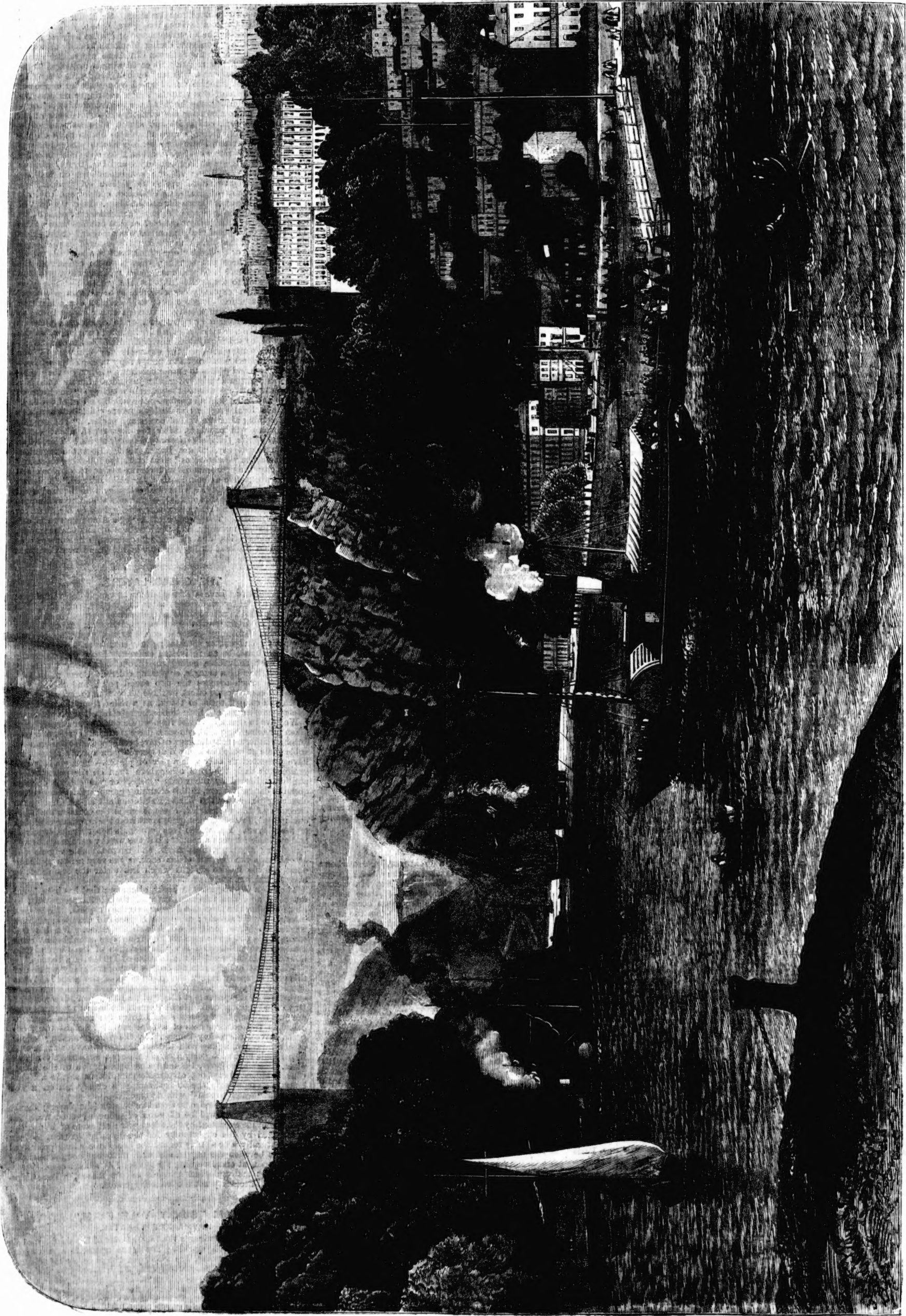
With what a light interest do the young and giddy portion of this good company regard the grand crisis of the game? What should that young gallant know of the best mate when he is enthralled by the pressure of a soft white hand upon his shoulder? Or to what purpose could life be given if the merry roysterers who are just refilling their glasses should leave the generous liquor to calculate the consequences of a false move? Amidst the fresh green leaves, the balmy summer air, the faintly-stealing odour of the flowers mingling with the subtle tobacco-savour from that incorrigible idler's long clay pipe, chess seems so strangely out of place. Herein, however, lies the quick appreciation of the artist. Chess is almost always out of place, except, let us say, in a light-house, a stranded ship, the best parlour of a dreary inn on a wet day, or a "reading-room" without readers.

Even in these cases no more than two persons (the players) should be present, or there will be all sorts of dullness evoked from the dreary solitude expressed by the silent pair; all sorts of hypocrisy, encouraged by the opportunity for the happily ignorant to look preternaturally wise as they regard the board in the long-protracted intervals between the moves, and wish it to be thought that they would decide at once, winning the game by a brilliant coup.

Amongst many pleasant pictures of the season, "The Chess-players" is decidedly not the least suggestive.

SCENE FROM "SUNNY VALE FARM," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

OUR Engraving represents the fourth scene of the third act of the new drama at the Haymarket. The scene occurs in a pasture hut on the farm. Matthias, the villain of the piece, makes an attack upon the heroine, Hilda, which is happily frustrated by the opportune arrival of a party of peasants. The scene is very effective, and told well upon the audience, the calm courage of Hilda in presence of danger especially awakening sympathy and admiration. An outline of the action of the play was given in our last Number.



THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER AVON IN ITS COMPLETED STATE.—(HAWESHAU AND BARLOW, ENGINEERS).—SEE PAGE 371.



"THE CHESS PLAYERS."—(FROM A PICTURE IN MR. FITZPATRICK'S GALLERY.)



SCENE FROM THE NEW PLAY OF "SUNNY VALE FARM," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Literature.

NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

The Cornhill Gallery: One Hundred Engravings from the Cornhill Magazine. Smith, Elder, and Co.
Longfellow's Hyperion. With Twenty-four Photographs by Francis Frith. A. W. Bennett.
Pictures of English Life, after Original Studies by R. Barnes and E. M. Wimperis; with Descriptive Poems by J. G. Watts. Sampson Low and Co.
Dalziel's Illustrated Arabian Nights' Entertainments. One Hundred Illustrations. Vol. 1. Ward and Lock.

As far as books go—books for presents, at least—the Christmas season has not commenced with great force, but the little that has appeared is good. Real art in black and white is decidedly preferable to the masses of gorgeous illumination which used to share with the turkey and plum-pudding the destruction of the human purse. Of the black and white school are the books before us. The "Cornhill Gallery" is a wonderful book. Never was there so handsome and weighty a mass to be obtained for a guinea. It is an example of the force of circumstances, and proves that, hitherto, the artists of the magazine have had no chance. Month by month these pictures were hastily printed from electrotypes taken from the blocks, in order to secure a rapid and large supply. Now, for the first time, are copies taken from the actual blocks. The effect, on large fine cardboard, toned, with a broad white margin, is very beautiful; and a comparison of the new with the old can only suggest the homely "chalk and cheese" simile, or Cinderella at the ball, and before and after it. The volume forms a gallery of ambitious and successful art, the productions of Messrs. Leighton, Millais, Du Maurier, Paton, Sandys, Sala, Thackeray, and Walker. Their respective merits have, doubtless, been already sufficiently well discussed; but a view of the whole collection will probably put the subject in a new light. Like everything else, Art may be divided into at least two kinds—that where the subject is something which we have seen, and that where the subject is something that we have not seen but have only dreamed about and imagined. The higher order of humanity generally wants the artist to give it new ideas, not copies, of everyday life which it sees for itself; but a very high department of Art is to invest the everyday things with the truthfulness and beauty which the everyday mind does not see in them. From either point of view, the *Cornhill* pictures are excellent. Mr. Frederick Leighton certainly has one great advantage over his colleagues, and well indeed has he used it. "Ramola" necessarily offers subjects with which our present English life and manners cannot compete. He brings out miraculous effects by employing very fine shading and broad, black outlines which have a most uncompromising precision. Nobody will be inclined to deny that these are very fine examples of the noble art of wood drawing and engraving. But the sketches of Mr. Millais and Mr. Walker have probably met with more attention. The subjects have a greater breadth of appeal to British general taste. They comprise the illustrations to "Framley Parsonage," "Philip," "The Small House at Allington," and shorter stories. The remainder of the volume is partly taken up with Mr. Thackeray's charming pictures to "Lovel the Widower," &c. They all seem to border on grotesque, which is very much the way in which he was sometimes accustomed to look upon life. Most exquisite is Mr. Leighton's "Great God Pan," and that wonderful little "Hogarth" by Mr. Sala, in which every little detail of the studio is given with curious minuteness and finish, but without the least touch of incoherence or confusion; and the miscellaneous subjects furnished by Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Noel Paton are worthy of completing this beautiful volume of art.

There were such persons as steel-engravers. They must be wringing their hands with grief, or "patching grief with proverbs, and making misfortune drunk with candle-wasters." Finally, they had best employ their gravers as bare bodkins. Wood has proved too strong for steel, and the photographer may prove a formidable rival to the victor. Here is Longfellow's "Hyperion," a book which has been as well—in the sense of as much—illustrated as most books, with a series of twenty-four pictures, the beauty of which is indisputable. They are photographs of the principal scenes visited and loved by the wanderer Fleming. Mr. Frith seems to have wandered about the country with as much veneration as if everything were true. He took "Hyperion" for his guide, and notes what has appeared and disappeared since Longfellow first drew his inspiration. He has produced admirable photographs, which will delight those who know the scenery or the book, or both. The edition is handsomely printed in quarto, in the modern luxurious style, and has infinite typographical adornments, and a few woodcuts interspersed with the text.

The cottage life of our country is most happily shown in "Pictures of English Life." This is a large book, containing ten very large engravings, to which Mr. Barnes contributes such subjects as "Fireside Joys," "The Race down the Hill," "The Shy Child," &c., and Mr. Wimperis's "Off for the Cruise," and "Beaching the Life-Boat." The latter are full of spirit and truth to Nature; but Mr. Barnes will touch all hearts by his happy delineations of nice, healthy children, hearty and honest fathers and mothers, and old people who seem in no way too old to enjoy life as much as ever. All is enjoyment, and all the people look as if they deserved enjoyment. They are pictures which "do you good" to look at them. Mr. J. D. Cooper has engraved them with great effect, and Mr. J. G. Watts, a well-known writer of good English ballads, has contributed to each picture a page of graceful verse, surrounded by a floral border, by Mr. Thomas Kennedy. Altogether, this is a very handsome book, and is evidently destined to grace many drawing-room tables.

"Dalziel's Illustrated Arabian Nights" is a marvel of beauty and cheapness. There are one hundred large and small illustrations to four hundred pages, of a size which we can best describe as nearly eleven inches in length by appropriate breadth. There are several artists, and therefore several styles; but all seem to blend beautifully, and each artist has been intent on doing his best. There is nothing conventional in these drawings; nothing of that dismal old fashion which used to disfigure our copies of olden days. There is one by Mr. Millais, one by Mr. Morten, two by Mr. J. D. Watson, and several by Mr. Tenniel, who seems quite at home in the East; but the majority are drawn by Mr. Thomas Dalziel, Mr. J. G. Pinwell, and Mr. A. B. Houghton. These latter gentlemen, being less known, claim attention. They delight in drawing large figures, so that not unfrequently the picture looks not complete in itself, but more like a picture cut out of a larger work. The effect is most pleasing. Mr. Houghton is very daring in this style; but he successfully gives an air of vitality far beyond that gained by the more generally adopted style. He is especially good in all the oddities which are to be found in no other book. The dwarfs and mutes are charmingly grotesque and horrible, and the giants and genii convey a sense of vast power. His princes, merchants, and women are equally good. For instance, the Camaralzaman and Badoura, and especially that charming kissing scene at page 328, if we may adopt Byron's "Index" anecdote. Mr. Thomas Dalziel contributes many sketches of great excellence. He produces wonderful effects by the finest touches, and leaves large masses of white and little shadows of black to do all that ten times the amount of manipulation might have failed to achieve. Mr. Pinwell most distinguishes himself by a series for Sindbad, in which the taming of that notable cruiser is most beautifully hit off. Before leaving Camaralzaman and all the memories which he and his companions have awakened, we should say that the text is the old text made by Mr. Edward Forster from the French, and in no way intrudes upon the more stilted, but correct, version of Mr. Lane. It has been freed from its Gallicisms by Mr. H. W. Dulcken.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Noddledoo (The Sorcerer's Ending of), with the Fortunes and Fate of Her Neighbours and Friends. By CHARLES BENNETT. Sampson Low and Co.
Crosspatch, the Cricket, and the Counterpane. A Patchwork of Story and Song. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP. Illustrated by Thomas Hood. Griffith and Farran.
Golden Light: being Scripture Histories for the Young. From the Old and New Testaments. Eighty Illustrations. By A. W. BAYES. Routledge and Co.

There was a certain luxuriance in learning to spell by eating gingerbread letters, in the style practised by that famous Giles Gingerbread who probably derived his name from his sources of education; but modern childhood has still better attention paid to it. Mr. Bennett's Christmas contribution is, as usual, full of his rich, poetic, thoughtful, moralising humour; but to describe it would be too much for most nerves. The Cock, the Pig, the Cow, the Goose, and, indeed, sixteen kinds of living things, have a large, full-page illustration each and some letterpress, showing most fantastically what are its chances in this world. Both text and engravings seem to rhyme with the call of the animal, and the whole is told and drawn for the purpose of curing the sick temper of Master Georgey. This is successful; and we think the volume might be applied to the cure of some other Georgies not usually described as Master.

Mrs. Broderip's "Crosspatch" is an old lady who is driven out of half the remainder of her mind by the strange demands of an enchanted cricket, who at last occupies her best bed, and demands that she shall make him a patchwork counterpane. Now, on every scrap of material which she collects for the quilt there happens to be something written—namely, the prettiest little stories and verses conceivable, and which, of course, form the contents of the volume. As the old lady gives the tyrannical hearth-king a powerful sleeping-draught, there are no less than thirty stories told; and the printer puts his name on the last page before the cricket awakes. This may be considered as the reward of playing strange pranks. Those who do so are sent to bed early, and those who do not have delightful stories told them. Mr. Hood's pictures—little girls being teased by blackbeetles, and so forth—are excellent delicacy and fun.

"Golden Light" is no new kind of book; but it is a good book of its kind. In some seventy-five separate stories the whole of the Bible is made clear in the simplest language, illustrated by the simplest pictures. There is always a demand for such books; and the present can be honestly recommended, for its purpose is good, and it has been well carried out.

New Echoes and Other Poems. By ELIZA COOK. Routledge and Co.

Very much unwise laughter has been levied on the kind of verse with which Miss Eliza Cook has now been before the public more than twenty years. Despite the laughter, the books have sold; and, although such a test of merit as popularity is utterly unfair, still it should be suffered to tell to some extent when the subject is perfectly innocent, and only desires to please and to be pleased. We should be sorry to fall into such a frame of mind as would induce a serious comparison between Miss Cook and Mrs. E. B. Browning. There is the great difference of verse-writing and poetry. But yet it is only fair to remind people who rejoice at mocking mediocrity that there are hundreds who would derive much real pleasure from the verses of Miss Eliza Cook, while there may be only tens who would understand the exquisite beauties of Mrs. Browning. And so, for a large class, here is a collection of "New Echoes, and Other Poems," containing, besides, a most elaborate portrait of the author. Miss Cook exhibits some flashes of a new style. The "New Echoes" is a long fantasia on "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," in which, throughout each of many stanzas, the saying of Keats is alternately cherished and ridiculed thus:—

"A thing of Beauty is a Joy for ever."
 Oh! pleasant music words; and often sung.
 But some pert brains, more cynical than clever,
 Like mine, just now, may tax with idle tongue
 The laureled speech which seems to say that never
 Can aught be beautiful but what is young
 And fair and charming—yet a question may
 Arise on what our very Miltons say.
 Perpetual Happiness, which we suppose
 Is meant by Joy, seems an erratic notion:
 And they who have outlived Youth's budding rose
 Would just as soon expect "perpetual motion."
 Our fairy castles turn to puppet shows;
 Our crystal rivers reach the Dead Sea ocean;
 Our sylvan bowers and Arcadian vales
 Collapse and "double up"—like peacocks' tails.
 A woman's rosy mouth is good to see;
 With its soft, sculptured lines cut cleanly out.
 A "thing of Beauty" it must surely be;
 But for the rest, there may exist a doubt.
 To hear it scold through breakfast, lunch, and tea,
 Is apt to put the best digestion out.
 No "Joy for ever" is the ruby mouth
 That blows much oftener from "nor-east" than south.

And, again, a glowing description of a hound contains these lines:—

'Tis pleasant to hear the wise ones utter
 The worth of your power and face;
 But why did you swallow that pound of butter,
 Dog of an ancient race?

Really, some of the above looks almost too good to be marred with weak Byronicism; but Miss Cook always would turn her collar down. She sings best when teaching that

A look of kind truth and a word of good will
 Are the magical helps on life's road, &c.

But there has been plenty of that kind of tameness of late years, and every cottage is crammed with it. However, there are many better things in the present volume; but further specimen is quite unnecessary, as the admirers of the authoress will be sure to secure it for themselves.

At Home in Paris: with a Trip through the Vineyards to Spain. By W. BLANCHARD JERROLD. W. H. Allen and Co.

"At Home" must be understood to mean "settled." You have a house or residence, a neighbourhood, and unlimited outlyings. A home means very much; and, indeed, there are metropolitans who almost become cosmopolitans by making themselves at home everywhere, until, for all purposes of space, a home and a carpet-bag become convertible terms. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold looks upon his home in this fashion, and fills the spacious mansion with all good things. His description of "the house we lived in," with characters of the different inhabitants, is quite as good as living there altogether, and, in winter, very much better. The *conciierge* forms a serious chapter, which the English resident should study. It is a word to the wise, or, rather, a rounded sentence to the stupid. The cook, the baker, and the butcher, who all have characteristics, are discussed in grave to gay style, and then follow various papers more or less associated with Parisian life. Some of these have already appeared in the columns of the *Athenaeum* and *Once a Week*, but they well deserve their present permanent form. For literature and art there are pages about the "divine Williams" from various French points of view, or imperceptibility, and a curious study of a literary Bohemian unknown here—Privat D'Auglemon. The British *Bébé* was beloved by all, and is immortalised here just as every beloved thinks love next door to immortality. An account of Gustave Doré will be welcomed now that London as well as Paris begins to understand him. And, Paris finishing the old year and commencing the new, with the heartless system of making presents, the *entrées*. The friend of our youthful holidays, boy and girl, the "Bon jour, Philippe," is nothing to it.

It is at the toymakers—in the sweet realms of Boissier, Siraudin, or Marquis—in the crystal saloons of the Palais Royal—in the show-rooms of Susse or Giroux—and, for the poorer folk, in the deal boxes that line the Boulevards—that the inexhaustible ingenuity of the French inventive faculty is to be found at its very wildest freaks. One present which the *bonne* makes to her young Monsieur on New-Year's morn is made of white sugar and chocolate; the design is indescribable in the pages of an English book. We English may be, as our neighbours assert, foolishly squeamish; but no argument would persuade the least squeamish among us that the *bonne's* gift was not at once coarse and nasty. Why not a chocolate dust-hole? On the Boulevard des Italiens have been ranged, for the laughter of the passers-by, a series of nude figures, recommending themselves as presents, by the outrageous indecency of their attitudes. They have gone off briskly, amid the excitement of the holiday-makers, at very good prices. But these were trifles light as air, and had nothing to do with the serious business, on which every unhappy bachelor was bound last New-Year's Eve. For this morning, visits had been paid to the saloons of Giroux and of Taban. The Emperor had been among the costly trifles; and had deigned to select some most expensive inutilities. The shops of the great tradesmen of the Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix had been packed with dismal purchasers until midnight. Men were stationed at the doors of pet confectioners' shops, to regulate the entrances and the exits of the thousands of actors who were bound to play a part on the morrow. In vain did they now and then hug themselves in the belief that they had discovered something quite new, that was very cheap. Their friends quickly undeceived them. By the costliness of their doings on New-Year's Eve would they be judged throughout 1864. Their gift would lie upon Madame's table, with heaps of others; and it must not be the worst—that is, the cheapest—of the collection. You cannot deceive Madame, I assure you.

The volume closes with a very long chapter called "Through the Vineyards into Spain." It closes a pleasant book with sunshine. The country and the people are described in colours. All is alive, and never more so than when the provincial French are gaping at the peculiarities of the foreigners. On the principle of nothing becoming us in life like leaving it, we may say of Mr. Jerrold that nothing became him so well in his home in Paris as leaving it for the delights of the vineyards and just a glimpse of Spain.

John Godfrey's Fortunes: Related by Himself. By BAYARD TAYLOR. 3 vols. Sampson Low and Co.

Mr. Taylor's novel reminds us of the old saying to the effect that nobody lives whose written life would not be interesting and valuable. The story of John Godfrey is so to a certain extent; but still, Mr. Taylor might have selected a hero of a little more importance. He is a prominent nobody and a rather mean fellow; and Fortune fills his pocket with dollars. He is dollars throughout. Passing over the early scenes, which are unimportant, we find John, an orphan, doing duty as assistant in his uncle's grocery store, at some village near Philadelphia; but he leaves the place for New York, and "takes" to literature, having already occupied the Poet's Corner occasionally in magazines. But dollars do not follow plentifully on verse, and John soon settles down into "condensing the miscellaneous" for a daily newspaper, and, after a time, becomes successful enough. He publishes a volume of verse, and obtains some reputation in the literary world; but the various incidents of the "Fortunes" are not worth the tracing. The greater number of the characters have no cohesion to form a story proper, and the events and occurrences point no moral, and scarcely can be said to adorn the tale. At an early period John Godfrey falls in love with Amanda Bratton, and is accepted; but she marries another man, a friend of John; and John is immediately a misanthrope. John then becomes attached to another lady, but without declaring himself; and when, without apparent cause, she puts an end to the acquaintance, John turns misanthrope again. However, he subsequently marries this lady, and receives with her a goodly fortune. Another piece of good luck happens at the same time. The few hundred dollars which his mother has left him were deposited with uncle until John should be twenty-one. On claiming them it appears that the uncle has invested his own fortune and his nephew's in buying coal-fields—an arrangement decidedly contrary to law. But John does not prosecute. His uncle is a pious man, which gives excellent opportunity for sarcasm; and John cuts him until the money is restored. This is finally done. The coal-fields turn out magnificently, and the penitent uncle returns the dollars a thousand fold. Thus John, without seeing it, or without Mr. Bayard Taylor pointing it out, becomes an accessory to a fraud after the fact, for the sake of an enormous gain. This is scarcely heroic, and cannot be considered a good example to set before young people on either side of the Atlantic. But we must take Yankee morality as we find it. In New York, at all events, the incident would only be reckoned 'cute. "John Godfrey's Fortunes" will be liked principally for its descriptions of society, which, by-the-way, are frequently anything but flattering. The hero himself is an eternal round of "I" and "dollars," but his friends and acquaintance are sometimes worth knowing. Swansford, the struggling musician, is a beautiful sketch, but he seems to have no possible hold on the story. Brandagee, also, might be stuck into any other book. He is a literary man, a traveller, showy and brilliant, with a wonderful swagger, and a knowledge of every celebrity all over the world. A taste of his conversation will be relished. He has just given an imitation of Rubini at the wrong end of life.

There was a general shout of laughter at this burlesque imitation of poor Rubini, which Mr. Brandagee gave in a cracked falsetto. There seemed to be no end to his accomplishments. After taking a forkful of the *mayonnaise* he turned to Mrs. Clarendon with an enthusiastic face, exclaiming, "Admirable! I congratulate you on your cook; or is Mr. Clarendon himself the author? It is part of my *credo* that the composition of a salad requires a high order of intellect, as well as character, tact, and the instincts of a gentleman. Horace, Cervantes, and Shakespeare would have been good hands at it; St. Paul would have done it splendidly."

In spite of what had gone before, I was startled and shocked at this; and I believe Mrs. Clarendon didn't like the irreverence. But Mr. Brandagee rattled on without regarding her.

"It isn't modest in me to proclaim my own skill; but, then, nobody ever accused me of modesty. Modesty is an inconvenient article for gentlemen's use. I am prouder of my triumph at the *Trois Frères* than of anything else in my life. There were only three of us—Paul de Kock and poor Alfred de Musset. When we came to the salad I saw their eyes sparkle; so much the better—I had planned a surprise. So I picked up the dish, turned it around, smelled it suspiciously, pulled it about a little with a fork, and then said to the *garçon*, 'Otez ça!' I wish you could have seen their faces; I am sure De Kock ground 'barbare!' between his teeth. But I promised to give them a substitute, started them on their old, everlasting dispute about the Battle of Zara—one maintained that there had been such a battle, and the other that there hadn't—got the ingredients I wanted, and set to work. They were hard at it, throwing Barbarossa and Dandolo, and I don't know where else, across the table at each other's heads, when I put their plates before them, and said, 'Essayez!' Each of them made a grimace, and took a little morsel with an air of suspicion. When they had fairly tasted it, they looked at each other for full a minute without saying a word. Then De Kock drew a long breath and cried out, 'Incomprable!' and De Musset answered, 'Enorme!' We shook hands all around, with tears in our eyes, and always tutored each other from that very night. Poor De Musset!"

"Then, you don't think a literary reputation is worth having?" I said.
 "By all means. It is positive capital, in a certain way; it makes publishers indorse your promissory notes, opens the doors of theatres and operahouses to you, supplies you with dinners without end, gives you the best rooms in hotels, sometimes complimentary passages on steam-boats and railways; in the words of the pious, smooths the asperities of this life, and does you no harm in the world beyond the grave. I shouldn't in the least object to those advantages. But if only the schoolgirls were over my pages and their remarks won't butter my bread. I'd rather sit on velvet, like Reynolds the Great, propped up by forty-even flash romances, than starve, like Burns, and have the pilgrims come to kneel on my bones. Fame's a great humbug. 'Who hath it?—he that died o' Wednesday!'"

There is plenty more equally good in the three volumes, but the reader will regret that the whole looks much like a portfolio of unconnected pictures. The episodes of the charity to the Irish woman, the fire, the rescue of Jane Berry, &c., are all well enough, and might happen every day of our lives; but it may be doubted whether such matters can have real public interest unless they be closely bound up with characters for whom the reader entertains some strong passion, sympathy, admiration, or whatever it may be. Those who are curious about the literary world will find, in the society of John Godfrey, ample opportunity for guessing at the originals of many of the shadowy characters. There are traces visible enough to a slightly-practised eye.

OUR FEUILLETON.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT.—II.

WITH A SET OF TEASPOONS.

FAR be it from me to give utterance to a single word that may be construed into a justification of drunkenness. To my eyes no sight is more deplorable than that of a gin-wrecked man or woman—a hideous, blear-eyed wretch, soaked and sodden, the breath of whose body is a pestilence, and the clammy touch of whose palsied hand is a thing to loath; who cumbers the face of the earth as an unweighted human carcass is sometimes seen cumbering the face of the living ocean—an ugly, shameful drift, tattered and penniless, too vile for shark's food, though the fish be of the rapacious bottled species, whose lurking-place is behind a pewter-covered bar, and whose maw, as a rule, is not set against oil. If there is anything more deplorable, it is the fact that these human beacons, visibly consuming in the liquid fire that fills and torments them, are inefficient to warn off the reckless voyager, who, out of selfishness or despair, or, as has happened many a thousand times, simple, good-natured weakness and a yearning for jolly-good-fellowship, launches on that enchanted sea beneath whose surface, so gay and sparkling, lurks blackness, and death, and such horrible shapes as are never seen but by men whose heads are shaven and whose arms are confined in straight-jackets lest, in their terrible fright, they should lay murderous hands on themselves to escape therefrom. The honest man who is at the pains to set up boys and landmarks for the salvation of these reckless ones—say, who devotes his life to the business of piloting such endangered craft into safe haven, and that without hope or expectation of "salvage," deserves the gratitude of his fellow-men as a hero of high degree, for such he is. Happily, there are many such amongst us; and well would it be for them, as for us all, if their army were strong enough to occupy the field to the exclusion of mistaken meddlers and priggish pretenders, who mistake water on the brain for the irresistible pressure of a "mission," impelling them to run a muck against all vats and beer barrels. Burning with teapot valour, these doughty ones open shop in all quarters of the town, not so much for the purpose of plucking brands from the burning as of rendering sticks unflammable by an abundant saturation in a variety of slops spouted from a platform in the shape of speechifying, or purveyed in cups and mugs, to grown sticks, male and female, and to mere twigs of twelve and fourteen, at a price that leaves a decent profit for the purchase of glorification medals.

Pewkers' Hall, in our neighbourhood, is one of these anti-tipping camps. Its founder and secretary, manager and treasurer, is the Rev. Dapple Mookow, a minister of the Alack-a-day-Saints persuasion, and the proprietor of the patent movable corrugated-zinc chapel, a little way down the road. Pewkers' Hall is not a building of imposing appearance; indeed, it does not appear at all until you have penetrated an alley diverging from the high street, and which is overhung by a notice-board, inscribed "Pewkers' Hall at the bottom!" Its style of architecture is of the Rebuke-to-Vanity order, and, exteriorly, the hall is not unlike a watchhouse, being plain brick and single-storied, with no other window than a skylight in the roof, and a plain, unpanelled door with a latch, and painted lead-colour, while upon the door and the wall in its immediate vicinage are stuck many printed placards and written notifications relating to the Pewker interest, past, present, or to come. The Pewkers muster strong on Saturday nights (that being the night on which their enemies the drunkards take the field in greatest force); and it was on a recent Saturday night that, happening to walk that way, I turned into the hall to see what was going on.

Enrolled Pewkers—such was my first discovery—were admitted free; but, not being in the enjoyment of that privilege, an entrance-fee of one penny was demanded of me at the door; this slight obstacle overcome, however, I was as free to enter as a Pewker born. The business of the evening had not yet commenced, so I had time to look about me.

The hall was not so large as it seemed from the outside; nevertheless, it was of fair size, being, to the best of my guessing, about fifty feet wide by thirty deep from the street door to the platform, on which was mounted a table and an arm-chair; and on the table, to my utter astonishment, there was neatly and handily arranged two long pipes, a paper of tobacco, and the sort of wooden hammer that is seen in the hands of the ordinary cheap concert-room chairman. The place was as clean as a soup kitchen. The walls, nay, the very beams overhead, were whitewashed; and the floor, and the tables, and the forms were as meekly clean as soap and scrubbing-brush could make them. Under the tables were earthen spittoons, spotless as dinner plates, and filled with white deal sawdust. In the centre of the room was a gas stove, brilliant as a well-blackened boot, within which primly twinkled a ring of sedate and well regulated gas-jets. Everywhere the hand of the charwoman—not the ordinary gin-drinking slut, but the abstaining and conscientious charwoman—was visible; and the contrast of Pewkers' Hall to the tavern parlour with its seductive rubbed mahogany, and its artfully arranged ledges and nooks, its great coal fire, and its delusive snugness and coziness, generally rendered complete.

Pictorial art had been called in for the decoration of the walls. There were George Cruikshank's "Bottle" plates, and his equally effective "Drunkard's Children." Had these been all it would have been well enough; indeed, Pewker or anti-Pewker, it would have been hard to find more eloquent and appropriate wall-hanging for such a place. But it was not all by a frightful deal. There were pictures—dozens of them—the subjects of which appeared to be judiciously chosen with a view of affecting at once the mind and the stomach of the beholder. There were anatomical pictures, representing the liver of the drunkard, as well as his various intestinal ducts and canals during the last stage of gin rot. There was an elaborate lilac and crimson drawing of the drunkard's brain as it appeared during an attack of delirium tremens. There were serio-comic pictures of drunkenness—one of a man, brandy-nosed and hideously helpless, with the upper part of his skull sawn off by fiends, while swarms of tiny imps, with horns and tails, clambered about him, rifling him completely. One sturdy devil was perched on the inebriated one's shoulders, and with a sort of co-scoop dug out the drunkard's brain, handing it down in bucketfuls to the clambering imps. Some of the imps, however, were otherwise engaged; they wriggled in and out of the drunkard's pockets, and stole his money, and his watch, and his spectacles, and his pocket-comb. In the background of the picture stood, amicably posed, the father of lies and deceit (in full uniform and with his tail-tuft arranged as a trident), a publican, and a madhouse-keeper, holding in one extended hand a straight-jacket and in the other several hundredweight of chains and manacles. The brainbearing imps brought their buckets to the madhouse-keeper; the pickpockets brought their booty to the publican and poured it into his capacious fob; while the devil stood smilingly looking on, calmly confident of the hulk when the wreckers had done their worst with it. There were a dozen other pictures, all of the same school, and containing, along with the representative of drunkenness at least one horned and tailed devil, and imps, and hell-flames, and toads, and fire-breathing scorpions and poison-snakes. It was quite a relief to turn from them and listen to the homely tinkle of spoons and teacups, and to sniff the grateful aroma of mocha that now came steaming in from the open kitchen-door in the passage by the side of the platform.

While I was examining the pictures the company were coming in, so that, when I now looked round, the hall was tolerably full. The majority of those present were sad and meek looking young men, in whom, as was evident at a glance, the faculty for getting drunk was constitutionally wanting—a fact which detracted considerably from their claim to be considered heroes of self-denial in the matter of spirits and malt liquors. There were a few middle-aged men and the remainder was made up of boys of fourteen or sixteen, who carried their heads defiantly, and whose loins were evidently girded very tight indeed, for a brush with the demon Alcohol, should he dare venture to assail them. A tall

woman, with a high-necked frock and the sternest aspect, came round for orders, and presently brought them, fifteen pints, at least, on a big tea-tray, and which she carried with an ease which doubtless acted as a caution to any youthful Pewker disposed to offer her the least atom of impudence. Seeing that coffee was to be had as well as tea, I ordered a cup of it; and, as several gentlemen were smoking, I smoked as well. Just as I had "lit up," and made myself as comfortable as one may on a ten-inch form without a back, in came the chairman.

To my great surprise, it was the Rev. Dapple Mookow himself. It was not surprising that the patron, and secretary, and treasurer should take the chair; but that he should take a public pipe of birdseye as well! This he did, however, jovially acknowledging the plaudits of the auditory by waving the flaming splint with which he ignited his tobacco. The person with the high-necked gown brought him a cup of something—a common cup, blue and brotherly—out of which he sipped, and then faced about and rapped the table for silence.

"Well, and how are we all?" inquired Mr. Mookow, in a motherly tone, "safe and sound, I hope, as when last we met. Eh, is it so? Has any brother to tell of the Devil's tempting him?"

Nobody answered, though, to judge from the visage of a lantern-jawed youth of about fifteen who sat in the row before mine, the odour of brimstone was in his nostrils, and he strongly suspected Satan of having designs against him. However, as it was a statement of facts and not of suspicions that Mr. Mookow asked for, he merely gasped significantly and held his peace. A general and joyful clapping of hands ensued on the tacit understanding that the old man of sin had tampered with no Pewker since the previous Wednesday. After this Mr. Mookow delivered a longish address on the advantages of "total abstinence" and the fruitful results of beer-drinking, which altogether might well have served as text to the blazing pictures on the wall; and I experienced much relief when, after bringing both his fists to the table with a tremendous bang, he consigned the drunkard's soul to everlasting torment, wiped his perspiring brow with his handkerchief, and said, in the blandest of voices,

"And now, after business, let us seek pleasure. Let us show the loathsome drunkard, as we have shown him before, that we can be merry as well as wise, that we can bandy the jest of abstinence, and laugh the temperate laugh and sing the soul-enlivening song with as loud a voice and as hearty as he, hiccuppy with strong drink, drivels forth his blasphemous legends in praise of blood-poison—in praise of brain-rot—in praise of a shaven head and a madman's rattling chain! Brothers, we will have a song. What shall it be?"

"Fill up the tea-urn!" "Coffee is my darling!" "The grog-blossomed nose!" These and several other strange and by myself never-before-heard song-titles were bawled out in different parts of the room. "Fill up the tea-urn" was, however, decidedly in the majority; and, teacup in hand, the Rev. Mr. Mookow proceeded to deliver himself of that stirring teetotal ditty, to the tune of "Pour out the Rhine wine"—

Fill up the tea-urn! let it brim!
We'll have no stint in measure;
In the bubbling flood let the congon swim,
And set it on the hob to draw at leisure.
For there's nought can cheer the heart that's low
Like a steaming cup of the good congon.

CHORUS.

Like a steam-ing cup
Like a steam-ing cup
Like a steam-ing cup
O-o-o-f the good con-gon.

Pour out the cheering nut-brown stream,
With a hand that's firm and steady!
And an eye that's bright as a glad sunbeam,
In the cup that's standing milked and sugared ready
Just try it once, and you'll find it so—
A drink divine is the good congon.

CHORUS.

A drink divine, &c.

Spare not the tea-urn! fill again!
Nor fear to quaff its brewing;
It brings no pain, like the drunkard's drain,
Nor rags, nor madness, poverty, and ruin.
Then trumpet its fame wherever you go,
And friendship pledge in the good congon.

CHORUS.

And friendship pledge, &c.

This stave, which Mr. Mookow sang very well, was deservedly applauded; and the company "friendship pledged" in the lauded beverage until nothing but grounds remained in every cup, and some little time was spent in replenishing. Order at length restored, Master Shiddlecot (the lantern-jawed one already alluded to) was called on for a song; a call to which he responded with considerable alacrity, and commenced a stave which, from its length and other causes, it is undesirable to give here in its entirety. One verse will serve:—

Our tea! our tea! our wholesome tea;
What a cheering sight is a cup of tea,
A cup—a cup of tea.
When it's up to the mark and perfectly sound,
And sweetened with sugar that's not over brown'd,
A drop of new milk and the stir of a spoon
Completes it—the total-abstainer's boon.
Away with your gin, rum, and ale, and give me
The cup that's delightful—a beautiful cup of tea!

"Bravo! Mr. Shiddlecot; what shall we have the pleasure of saying after that very excellent song?" said the chairman.

"Well, Sir, I don't know any toasts or sentiments," replied Mr. Shiddlecot. "But if you are agreeable I'll substitute a conundrum. Why is a drunkard pulling a cat's tail like Mr. Jones's teacup?"

One prolonged giggle at the not unreasonably embarrassed Mr. Jones, and then a dead stillness.

"Come, we give it up, Mr. Shiddlecot," laughed the chairman. "It is one of your posers, I suppose."

"You give it up?" replied Mr. Shiddlecot, glancing proudly triumphant round him. "Then, gentlemen, the reason why a drunkard pulling a cat's tail is like Mr. Jones's teacup is, because he's tea's in it!"

Pewker's Hall was not a handsome edifice, but to be capable of standing, without the slightest tremor, the tremendous explosion of laughter that followed Mr. Shiddlecot's explanation spoke volumes for its great strength. Several riddles followed, but not one of them were fit to hold a candle to that of Mr. Shiddlecot; and after a while Mr. Barker was called on for a stave. This was one of the elderly gentlemen who sat in the front row, and was evidently on terms of intimacy with Mr. Mookow.

"I think I must decline," said Mr. Barker, clearing his voice ready to begin. "I don't know any songs but those I make up myself, and I'm sure you must be tired of hearing them."

"So they must, Barker; so they must," observed a brisk-looking young fellow, who had come in late, and who, judging from his countenance, was not always a Pewker. "That's what I tell them when they call on me."

"Ay, ay; but you won't get out of it, Mr. Jonas," was the universal exclamation, and then followed a rattling of crockery and a cry of "The fiery nose! The fiery nose!"

"Well, if I must, I must," said Mr. Jonas, modestly; "but at present the call is with Mr. Barker."

And, without further ado, Mr. Barker struck up. His song seemed to have no particular title, and it was adapted to a "nigger" tune popularly known as "Kosa May," and ran as follows:—

Come, brothers, listen unto me, and a story I'll relate,
How I in time was rescued from a wretched drunkard's fate.
I used to swill my nightly fill of ale, and beer, and gin,
Nor for my wife and family cared I a single pin.

My eyes were bleared, a ragged beard, likewise a drunkard's nose;
My children bare and naked were, because I pawned their clothes;
My wife I bruised, and much ill-used, and, shameful fact to say,
Distrainted the bed from under her my tavern score to pay.

But, thanks to Mr. Mookow, now all that is set aside;
Upon my wife and family I now can look with pride.
The reason's plain, I now abstain, and mean to, never fear—
I never more intend to be a slave to gin and beer.

There was a generous amount of applause at this by no means cheerful lay, which had barely subsided when the call for "The Fiery Nose" broke out most vociferously.

"Come, Mr. Jonas," said the chairman, persuasively, "they will have it, you see."

"Well, Sir, I will, since you wish it," replied Mr. Jonas. "But it is a painful song for me to sing, it is indeed; not on account of the tune, that's easy enough; it's the sentiment that makes it painful."

"Nonsense!" "Tit for Tat!" "Give and Take!" "Serve 'em right!" "Go on, Jonas!" These and similar cries seemed to reassure the teetotal poet, and to the tune of the "Cork Leg," and with voice and action excellent enough to have made his fortune at Canterbury Hall, he commenced "The Fiery Nose"—

A certain man in our town

A tippler was of great renown.

Gin, whisky, or rum, whichever he saw,

Were welcome to enter his thirsty maw.

Night too! too! too! &c.

He drank and he drank till, as you may suppose,

He presently sported a fiery nose,

And it grew so hot that it came to this,

If it touched his liquor, it made it "his."

Chorus.

At length came a day, so the story is told,

The hot-nosed man caught a terrible cold.

The nose he blew, he'd himself put to blame,

And he blew till it smouldered and burst in a flame.

Chorus.

Though a careful man was this tipping sot,

His house was insured, but his nose was not.

So he rushed to the street, with a gasp and a cough,

And buried his snout in the cool heartrough.

Chorus.

Though the water began to boil in a minute,

It failed to extinguish the blazing nose in it.

The flame it increased, and grew broader and higher,

Till the trough and the pump were one crackling fire.

Chorus.

Now, finding himself in this terrible plight,

He took to his heels with all his might.

Till he found a distillery yard, when, pat,

He soused head-over-heel in a brimming vat.

Chorus.

Alarmed at sight of the terrible flame,

The distiller himself and his foreman came.

He heard the tippler's story out,

Then winked like a man who knows what he's about.

Chorus.

Said he, "Though I cannot extinguish your nose,

If you'll listen awhile I've a scheme to propose.

I'll give you two hundred a year if you'll stay,

And pass all your time in this self-same way."

Chorus.

The man with the fiery nose agreed.

The distiller his fortune made with speed,

For whenever he wanted a brewing of gin,

He'd a vat fill with water and pop the man in.

Chorus.

An hour in soak was quite enough,

When the liquor became most capital stuff.

How the man with the fiery nose must grin

When he hears the fame of his "sparkling gin."

Chorus.

The applause was deafening, and an encore unanimously demanded, when, seeing that Mr. Jonas was about to comply, I thought it time to bid the Pewkers good-night.

J. G.

A FEMALE BRIGAND.—A Turin letter states that among the Neapolitan provinces which have to contend with the dreadful scourge of brigandage, there is that of Cattanzaro, which possesses the advantage of having a band which is led by Maria Oliviero, an exceedingly handsome woman, not yet thirty years of age. Barbarity is her chief characteristic, and the sight of blood renders her as excited as a wild beast. She was the wife of the famous brigand Menace, of the Albanian village of Spezzano, who was killed in an encounter with the Italian troops near Rossano. In this very encounter Maria was also wounded, but she continued to discharge her musket, kneeling on the dead body of her husband, with a firmness and a courage which even commanded the admiration of her opponents. Having at last been wounded in the leg, she fell into the hands of the troops, and, being brought before a court-martial at Cattanzaro, was condemned to be shot. The sentence was, however, commuted to thirty years of penal servitude. While she was expiating her crimes in the prison of Cattanzaro the gaoler fell desperately in love with her. The cunning woman pretended to feel an equal affection for him, and one day she told him that whilst she was with her husband she had concealed in a certain place near Rossano a large sum of money which had been paid for the ransom of a rich farmer. The gaoler went quickly to the spot, and found the money. This fact had naturally the effect of making his love for Maria still more ardent, so that she had no difficulty in convincing him that tender affections are better manifested in freedom than within the four walls of a dungeon. Before, however, making their escape Maria succeeded in sending word to her brothers, who are brigands, that on a certain evening she would be at an appointed spot not far from Cattanzaro, attired in man's clothes, together with her deliverer. Maria was punctual at the rendezvous, and her brothers also. The unfaithful turnkey was killed out of hand, and the money he had found replaced in Maria's pocket. Once free, this woman organised a band of brigands and began her operations in that tract of mountains which lies between the river Crati and Cattanzaro. The barbarities since perpetrated by Maria are almost incredible. The villages of Spinelli, Cotzenel, and Belvedere have been literally sacked by the band she commands. The dread which the name of Maria Oliviero inspires among the rural population of Cattanzaro is so great that the Italian Government has been obliged to send two battalions of the Line to pursue the cruel fury. Whilst the band led by this woman is desolating the country of Cattanzaro, we hear from Bionero that the bersaglieri have succeeded at last in capturing the famous brigand Sacchietto, together with the two still more famous mistresses of the brigands Crocco and Schiavone. The strangest thing about the capture of Sacchietto and of the two women is that they were taken in the house of the captain of the National Guard of the village, where they had been concealed since the month of July! This fact shows how difficult it is to get rid of the Neapolitan brigands, since in certain cases the commanders of the National Guard give them safe shelter in their very house.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE RUSSIAN SERFS.—The Russian journals contain details respecting the progress of the emancipation of the serfs up to the month of August last, at which date it would appear that there were only eight regulating charters still uncompleted, while 111,568 have been already brought into execution, and these refer to estates on which reside 10,001,220 country people. The most circumstantial details have been received respecting 109,750 of these charters, relating to estates on which 9,776,017 country people reside. A third of these charters (33,544) cause the total cessation from the present of all transitory relations in regard to 4,521,878 people, the half of the freed serfs who thus find themselves completely liberated from their former masters. As many as 2,133,043 people have come into complete possession of their plots of land, and of this number 430,702 have required no assistance from the State. In the nine western provinces all the country people, without exception, have become proprietors, which fact is to be attributed to the particular condition attending the situation of these provinces. Of the rest of Russia the province of Kharkof holds the first rank as regards the progress of reform. The number of its country people entirely freed, and to whom territorial property has been given, represents 72 per cent. of the total of its former serfs. Next follow the provinces of Beatherninsk, of the Tauride, of Voroneje, Kherson, Kazan, and Tchernigoff, where the number is from 61 to 62 per cent. At Orenburg the number is 49 per cent. At Saratof, Simbirsk, Poltawa, Don, Samara, Perm, and Viatska it is 34 to 34 per cent. At Penza the number is 32 per cent. at Koursk and Tambof more than 22 per cent, and at Smolensk 19 per cent. In the other provinces of Russia the number of country people who have become absolute proprietors is below 15 per cent. In the governments of St. Petersburg and Moscow it varies between 10 and 11 per cent. This is considered to be a very satisfactory result after three years' trial of the system; and from the number of regulating charters which have come into operation on the landed proprietors, as mentioned at the commencement of this summary, the work of emancipation is looked upon as entirely achieved. The anxiety shown by the two classes interested to completely liquidate their accounts without passing through the transitory stage is such as to give rise to the hope that within a very short period the greater portion of the provinces of Russia will find themselves in as satisfactory a condition with regard to emancipation as that of the western provinces. The transitory condition is only to be found in provinces which, like Moscow and St. Petersburg, are particularly circumstanced, and where the former serfs, rather than cultivators of the soil, have not the same interest in at present becoming freed from their transitory and temporal obligations towards their former masters.

THE INSURRECTION IN SAN DOMINGO.

THE recent disturbances in San Domingo are said to have been brought to a close by an agreement on the part of the insurgent leaders to submit to arrangements, and the next news may include some re-establishment of order in that part of the island which forms, or did form, the Spanish republic. Ever since the first insurrection of the oppressed slaves, in 1722, the spirit of disaffection has in some form or other been present in some part of the Haytian dominions; and ever since 1794, when Toussaint L'Ouverture seized the principal places of the French colony, expelled the English force sent from Jamaica for the protection of the white inhabitants, and was invited to assume the rule of the Spanish portion of the island and became President of the New Republic, the Government of San Domingo has changed with each successive ruler. In 1802 General Leclerc, with 20,000 French soldiers, contrived to invade the capital and to take Toussaint prisoner. The French, in their turn, succumbed to English intervention, and Dessalines, one of Toussaint's generals, took the title of Emperor of Hayti, which he held until his assassination, in 1806. Then commenced the struggle for the purple between Christophe and Petion, ending in the triumph of the former, who perished in a military revolution in 1820; while Petion managed to hold the southern part of the island until his death, in 1818. The death of Christophe was followed by the accession to the mastery of the whole territory of a mulatto, named Boyer, under whose reign France agreed to recognise the independence of the whole island, on condition of the payment of an indemnity to the former colonists. In 1843, however, Boyer, being accused of tyranny, was expelled from the throne and succeeded by General Herard, who, in the following year, resigned the rule to Guerrier, Pierrot, Riche, and, finally, to Soulouque, who, in 1849, was proclaimed Emperor under the title of Faustin I. The eastern or Spanish portion of the island, however, constituted itself an independent Republic in 1844, and was recognised by France in 1848 and by Great Britain in 1850. It was styled "the Dominican Republic" and



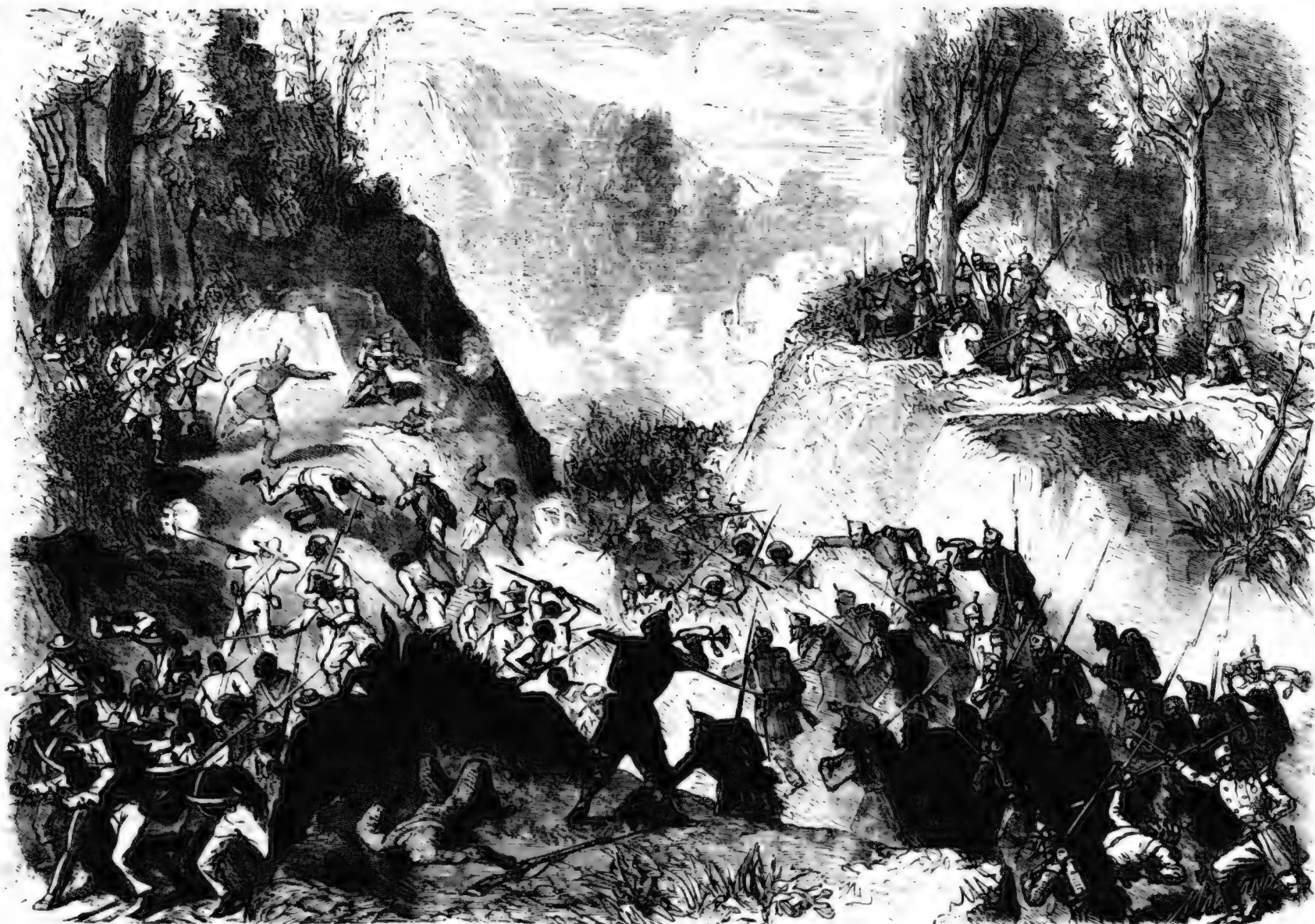
THE BLACK COLONEL'S CAVE, GLENEY, NORTH BRITON.

placed under the government of a President, but Spain refused to relinquish her rights upon her former colony.

The Constitution of the Dominican Republic was based upon that of Venezuela, with an annual Congress of fifteen Deputies (three for each province) forming the Lower House, and five Senators for the Upper Chamber. The French code of the Restoration was adopted for legal proceedings, and the executive power was vested in a President, who was a Dominican by birth and thirty-five years of age. His presidency lasted four years.

The possessions of the Dominican Republic include the territory settled between France and Spain in 1777, comprising more than three fifths of the whole island, or a space about equal to Switzerland. It is divided into five provinces—Santo Domingo (which includes the capitol), Azua de Compostela, Seybo, Santiago de los Caballeros, and Concepcion de la Vega. Santo Domingo is the largest city in the south, and Santiago in the north. Among the most celebrated places in the interior are Azua, where Hernandez Cortez was a public notary; Concepcion de la Vega, close to Fort Concepcion, constructed by Columbus, and Santo Cerro, where he erected a cross.

The ancient town of La Vega, at the foot of Santo Cerro, was buried by an earthquake in 1564, and afterwards removed to its present situation on the right bank of the Camu. Santiago de los Caballeros, on the bank of the Yacki, was founded by the dissolute hidalgos who were in the company of Columbus, and is the second town of the Republic. Besides these, there are Higüey Seybo, San Juan-de-Maguana, Neybo, Bani, San Cristoval, Bayaguana, Monte Plata, Cotuy, and Boya, famed as the place of refuge of Henriquillo, the last of the Haytian caziques, whom Charles V. permitted to retire there with the miserable remnant of the indigenous race. These are some of the particulars of a place which was once of no little importance in English history, when Francis Drake, in 1586, took its capital by assault and almost entirely destroyed it; and now, nearly three centuries later, it is still the scene of a conflict which fails to interest the merely casual reader, except by an occasional telegram of a



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE SPANISH TROOPS AND PEOPLE OF THE ISLAND OF SAN DOMINGO, IN THE PASS OF MONTE CHRISTI.

few lines chronicling events that may somewhat affect the remoter political relationships of Europe.

It is said, however, that the insurrection is now entirely overcome, and that the Spaniards are occupying the principal positions in the island; and our Engraving represents the engagement which was deemed the most decisive in establishing their success. The battle at the Pass of Monte Christi was, in fact, the end of a campaign which has been severely felt by the Spanish forces, who were opposed to an enemy intrenched amidst the intricate paths and inextricable thickets of a country where disease so terribly thinned the European ranks that the place became the tomb of ranks of men. The system of guerrilla warfare, too, has been carried out by the Dominicans with such success that whenever a small party of Spanish soldiers advanced for the purpose of reconnoitring they were saluted by a shower of bullets, the assailants who so frequently surprised their pickets being concealed in the trees, amidst the branches of which they contrived to move from place to place with wonderful facility. It has been by these stratagems, and by taking advantage of the impenetrable nature of the country, that the insurgents have been able to prolong the conflict so many months.

THE BLACK COLONEL'S CAVE.

DURING the recent visit of the Queen to Balmoral, her Majesty took an opportunity of driving through Braemar, by way of Inverey, in order to visit one of the spots which is considered of the greatest local interest. Having arrived at the wild country near Gleneye, her Majesty alighted from the carriage, and, accompanied by Princess Helena and Lady Augusta Bruce, descended into the rocky den known as the Colonel's Bed, or the Black Colonel's Cave. This cave, which is represented in our Engraving, was for some time the almost inaccessible retreat of a Colonel Farquharson of Inverey who was proscribed and outlawed from his clan and country. The clan history of the Farquharsons has been among the most romantic of the Scottish records; for it was the Farquharson of Inverey who, in the reign of James VI., slew a Gordon, Baron of Brackley, in revenge for which the Farquharson territory was invaded by Earl Huntly and Lord Grant, and so many of the clan massacred that Huntly carried off 200 orphan children to his own castle, where Grant, dining sometime afterwards, was shown from a balcony a great trough in the kitchen courtyard; where, a door being presently opened, a mob of these wretched orphans presently rushed out and began to scramble for and devour the offal and remnants of the servants' dinners. Grant, to his credit, was so shocked at the sight that he afterwards took charge of these wretched children, and distributed them to be brought up respectfully amongst his own clan; but for some years they were known by the name of "troughers." The Black Colonel's Cave is a most romantic and delightfully secluded spot, standing close to the stream of the Eye, which winds like a serpent through the green glen. It consists of a narrow ledge of rock, only accessible from one point, overhung by a frowning, rugged precipice, festooned with wild herbs and creeping plants, which thrusts itself forward over the den at an angle of about ninety degrees.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

LORD CARLISLE died on Monday afternoon, at Castle Howard. To many the news of his departure will come as a surprise, and to many as a calamity. He was not a great statesman, but he was a good, kind nobleman in the best sense of the word, who made many friends, and never made an enemy. A man in his position is apt to provoke criticism; but no man had more happily the art of disarming it. It is unfair to say that he had no strength; but to be willing, as he was, to serve and to do good implied qualities of heart that are not too common, and least of all in persons who have inherited his high position. He was born a Whig; he belonged to the ranks of the popular party; and he filled his post with a distinguished grace. He did his best to be a good, honest, open-hearted Whig, according to the fashion of his time—a Whig who, with aristocratic tastes, had a keen sympathy with the populace; who, loving ease and the refinements of courtly society, was yet always willing to lecture at Mechanics'

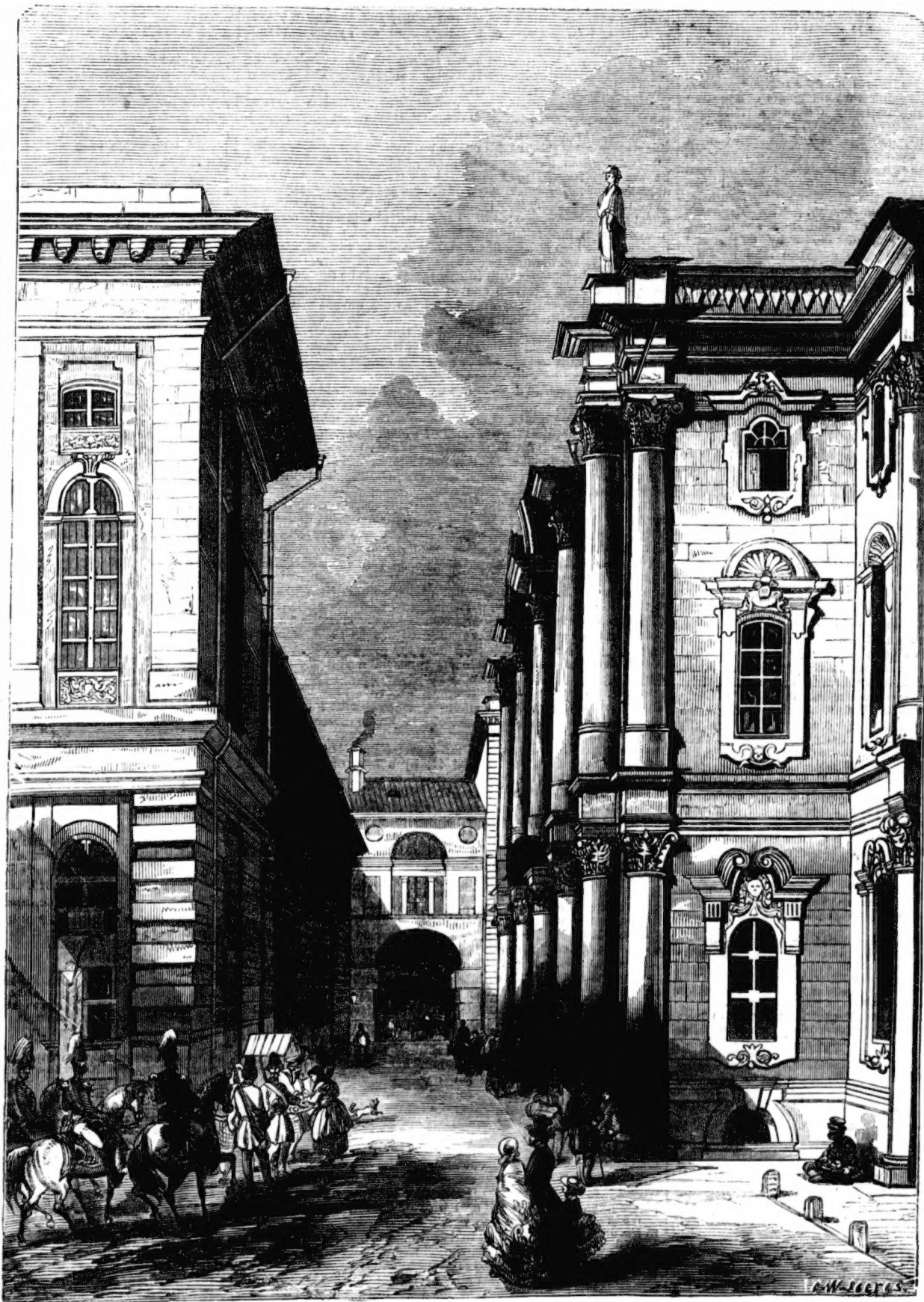


THE LATE EARL OF CARLISLE.

Institutions and mix with what are called the lower orders. When he was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland some one said it was a satire on the lord lieutenantcy to appoint him to the post. Instantly Mr. Disraeli, a political opponent, rose in his defence; and here was an example of the kindly feeling which even those most severe in criticism could not help showing to him. "I sat in this house for ten years with Lord Carlisle," said Mr. Disraeli, "and let me remind the House that those were not ordinary times. This House then reckoned among its members, probably, a greater number of celebrated men than it ever contained at any other time. At other times, indeed, there may have been individual examples of higher intellectual powers; but a greater number of great men never flourished than during these ten years. Lord Morpeth met them upon equal terms; he took a great part in our greatest debates; and he was a man remarkable for his knowledge, his accomplishments, and his eloquence." There is no doubt that Lord Carlisle spoke with great fluency and grace, and had abilities which, if they could not cut out a way for him to original greatness, enabled him at least to attain a distinction which is the summit of the ambitions of nineteen out of twenty successful statesmen.

Lord Carlisle belonged to the blood royal of the Whigs. His grandfather was one of the select few who, towards the close of last century, clung to the fortunes of Charles Fox through bad and through good report. His mother was a sister of the Duke of Devonshire; his sister married the present Duke of Devonshire; another sister is the Duchess-Dowager of Sutherland; a third sister married a son of Earl Grey; a fourth married Lord Taunton; his aunt married the late Earl Granville; the present Lord Granville is his first cousin; the Duke of Argyll married one of his nieces; Lord Grosvenor married another. In this great federation of Howards, Cavendishes, Greys, Gowers, Grosvenors, and others, the late Lord Carlisle held a high place. He was born on the 18th of April, 1802, his father being a Howard and his mother a Cavendish. He was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, and earned high reputation as a graceful scholar. He was especially distinguished for his skill in versification, and in 1821 obtained two of the University prizes for his poems—the Chancellor's prize for Latin and the Newdegate for English verse. He took his degree in 1823, and belongs to those distinguished scholars of Christ Church who have taken first-class honours. He was first class in classics. Born to the service of the State, he was early apprenticed to the work. He accompanied his uncle, the late Duke of Devonshire, on his visit to Russia at the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas; and in 1826, at the general election, he was elected to represent Morpeth in Parliament. Afterwards he stood for the West Riding; but one does not see much of him as a politician until, in 1835, Lord Melbourne, when he came into power, appointed him to the important post of Chief Secretary of Ireland. As in this capacity he was the principal representative of the Irish Government in the House of Commons, and as—in those days O'Connell was in his glory—the office was one of the most important in the Administration, it may be supposed that Lord Carlisle, then known as Lord Morpeth, had the confidence of his party. Nor was this confidence undeserved. He made himself popular among the Irish, and Mr. Disraeli is justified in saying that he held his own in the stormy Parliamentary debates of those times. It is no light achievement to have carried through the House of Commons in those troublous times the Irish Tithes Bill, the Irish Municipal Reform Bill, and the Irish Poor Law Bill.

At the general election which placed Sir Robert Peel in power Lord Morpeth lost his seat for the West Riding, but took leave of his late constituents in a speech so kindly as to produce a strong revulsion in his favour. Being released from his Parliamentary duties, he took the opportunity of travelling in America. He spent a year there, saw a great deal of the country, made many friends in it, and came away full of admiration, which years afterwards he expressed in a lecture on the United States delivered at Leeds. His leisure, indeed, lasted much longer, for he did not return to Parliament until 1846. Two years afterwards he succeeded to the Peerage, and came once again into office. The offices which he held at this period



PART OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT ST. PETER-BURG.

did not entail upon him much labour, but they were always accompanied with a seat in the Cabinet. He was Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and afterwards Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. During these and following years he had plenty of leisure on his hands, and amused himself now with travel and now with literary work. There was a creditable taste for literature in the Howard family. The third Earl is mentioned among Horace Walpole's noble authors, the fifth is the one whom Byron treated with such ferocious injustice, and the seventh, who has just passed away, showed an amount of talent which, if he had cultivated it, might have enabled him to do something of mark in literature.

The great event of Lord Carlisle's political life was his appointment to the lord lieutenancy of Ireland by Lord Palmerston, in 1855. He remained in this post to a very recent period, with the exception of the few months of Lord Derby's second Government. Few Viceroy's have been more popular, few more successful. Happily for him, he had not many great political problems to solve, and he satisfied the ideal of Irishmen by holding splendid state, entertaining magnificently, and displaying the qualities that are most appreciated in brilliant society. But to a man in failing health the duties of society became more burdensome than even the routine of office, and Lord Carlisle, after eight years of Viceregal state, felt the necessity of resigning his post. He did not resign it too soon, as the issue has proved. There has departed one whom "all the blood of all the Howards" ennobled, but one also who, in the sense of the poet's words, would have asserted the nobility of his nature had he been born in the humblest rank of life. He never married, and is succeeded by his brother.

THE WINTER OR IMPERIAL PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

No modern city can boast that it is so entirely composed of palaces and colossal public edifices as St. Petersburg: in some of these several thousand persons reside—6000, for instance, are said to inhabit the Winter Palace during the Emperor's residence in the capital; and the traveller, when he looks on this gigantic pile of building, will not fail to remember that it once fell a prey to the ravages of fire, at least the interior of it, and that in a few hours the greedy flames destroyed much of those treasures and works of art which had, with extraordinary zeal, been collected during the prosperous reigns and magnificent Courts of Elizabeth and Catherine, and the less gorgeous but more elegant ones of Alexander and Nicholas. This occurred on the 29th of December, 1837; and in two years from the destruction of the palace it rose again, under the skillful hands of the architect Kleinmichael and the united industry of several thousand workmen, to its former magnificence, and is now, perhaps, the most splendid and largest Royal edifice in the world. This Imperial residence is indeed commanding, presenting, as it does, a front towards the Neva of more than 700 ft.; it also covers a very large space of ground, and is nearly a third larger than the palace of the Austrian Emperor, and almost twice as large as that of Naples. Its form is nearly a complete square, the angles of which answer to the four cardinal points of the compass. Its long façades are highly imposing, and form a grand continuation to those of the Admiralty beyond it. The palace contains suites of splendid apartments, galleries, and halls, filled with marbles, malachites, precious stones, vases, and pictures; amongst them many portraits of the great generals and mighty men of Russia and other countries. Here also are several fine Murillos, and the "Adoration of the Shepherds," by Berghem, one of the finest works of that master. The Empress's drawing-room is a perfect jewel of taste, and the chapel, St. George's Hall, a parallelogram of 140 ft. by 60 ft., and numbers of gilded chambers, one more gorgeous than another, form an almost wearying succession of magnificence. The Hall of St. George is the apartment on the splendour of which the Russians most pride themselves. It is here that the Emperor gives audience in solemn state to foreign ambassadors. Near it is the Gallery of the Generals, containing portraits, by our countryman, Mr. Dawe, of all the distinguished officers who served under the Russian colours during the war of the invasion and the subsequent hostilities till Napoleon's final overthrow. At the entrance to this long gallery stand two sentinels of the Russian Guard, still and motionless, looking as if they also were creations of art; and at each end are suspended French eagles, the names of the principal battles that occurred in the war being written in large gold characters on the walls.

Beyond this gallery is the Field-Marshal's Saloon. Here the portraits do not exceed eight or ten in number, for that rank is as rarely bestowed in Russia as in England. The Duke of Wellington is amongst the distinguished few; and the symbol which accompanies the full-length portrait of the hero of a hundred fights is that of imperishable strength, the British oak.

Beyond this is the Salle Blanche, the most magnificent apartment in this most magnificent of palaces, and so called from its decorations being all in pure white, relieved only with gilding. The dimensions are nearly the same as those of the Hall of the Generals. Here the Court fêtes are held.

The Diamond Room, containing the crowns and jewels of the Imperial family, is also well worthy of being seen. Diamonds, rubies, and emeralds are ranged round the room in small cases of such dazzling beauty that it is almost bewildering to look at them. The crown of the Emperor is adorned with a chaplet of oak-leaves, made of diamonds of an extraordinary size; and the Imperial sceptre contains one supposed to be the largest in the world, being the celebrated stone purchased by the Empress Catherine II. from a Greek slave, for 450,000 roubles and a large pension for life. Bruloff's picture of "The Raising of the Serpent in the Wilderness" is to be seen here. It has great merit and some few defects; the figures are, for the most part, portraits of Israelites taken in the Ghetto, at Rome, and the result, therefore, is really a Hebrew crowd. There is also, if not recently removed, the famous Chinese cabinet of Catherine, and a small room to which Peter the Great used to retire from the turmoil of affairs.

There is a telegraph in the corner of the Winter Palace, close to the Emperor's private apartments, by means of which he can transmit his own orders to Cronstadt, Peterhoff, &c.

THE DIRECTORS of the Scottish Central Railway have given orders for fitting up some of their first-class carriages with plate-glass panes between the different compartments.

M. RUNGE has published the following method for preserving meat:—In an earthen pot, provided with a good lid, pour an ounce of concentrated acetic acid; place over it, so that it may not touch, a grate of osier or wood, and on this lay the meat to be preserved, and then cover with the lid. The acid, evaporating slowly, envelopes the meat, and at the end of twelve days or a fortnight it is both tender and sweet, with an excellent flavour.

FRENCH CLAIM TO THE ORIGIN OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.—A Paris correspondent says, that "at a reunion, at which he was present a few nights ago, where the company was mixed—English and French—one of the former, celebrated for his love of his country, began singing 'God save the Queen!' 'Ah!' said M. P.—, who is as learned in music as in the law, 'that is one of our old, very old songs.' The Britons rose as one man—they were three and a lady—and, contradicting him flatly, proclaimed the vested rights of England and Dr. Arne in that patriotic anthem. 'No,' said the lawyer, 'you want proof to upset my case, which is, that the words and music were composed by M^{me}. de Maintenon, and dedicated to the Grande Monarque. In confirmation I cite the following stanza:—

Grand Dieu sauve le Roi,
Grand Dieu sauve le Roi,
Notre Grand Roi!
Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux
Voye ses ennemis,
Vaincus et flétris."

SUNSHINE.—The meteorologists of Scotland announce that the number of hours sunshine in 1857 was 1665; in 1858, 1525; in 1859, 1817; in 1860, 1620; in 1861, 1674; in 1862, 1568; in 1863, 1711. In the worst summer, that of 1861, the hours of sunshine in the summer half of the year, from April to September, were, on an average, 1082, say six hours a day; and in the best summer, that of 1858, were 1302, say seven hours and a half—not such a bad allowance for that bleak climate. In the worst year, taken as a whole, Scotland had an allowance of more than four hours of sunshine a day on an average. It cannot be such a dismal country after all.

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF ILLUMINATIONS BY FEMALE ARTISTS.

A MODEST but interesting exhibition of illuminations by female artists, held by Messrs. Fuller—who give a seven-guinea prize for the best design—at Mortimer House, Charles-street, Wells-street, sets one ruminating on a very fruitful subject for meditation.

Illuminating! At the very word the mind wanders back to the days of the monks laboriously executing the beautiful works which are the admiration of all ages—and no wonder! Those patient fathers had the true artistic eye, and were noted for reproducing on vellum the thousand-and-one rare bits of beauty which every man may see, if he looks, in his daily walks. Worshipping God in nature, they found endless variety in the Book of Life which the Creator had adorned—He, the first Illuminator—with flowers, and skies, and birds, all so exquisite in colour. These good men never took their walks abroad without making a mental memorandum of something lovely which was to be pictured anon, and to remain "a joy for ever"—the red poppy in the corn; the golden-dusted butterfly, like a miller of sunbeams; the white-breasted martin peeping from her mud-built nest under the convent eaves. These, interwoven with strange monsters, the creations of solitude or the realisation of legendary lore or travellers' tale, the old monks set down in rich colour beside the text they loved to honour. How they revelled in colour, these noble old solitaires! What chocolates, and reds, and azures—what greens, and purples, and russets—they blazoned on the page!

It is a strange thing to think of the learning of an age—for knowledge, in those days, was almost exclusively confined to the convent—finding nothing whereto to lay its hand but this enrichment of missal-margins, and doing it so splendidly, like an ingenious prisoner who etches elaborate pictures, with a rusty nail, on a stone wall.

This brooding over the one object of life produced one curious result. Of course there were among the monks a number of worthless men who loved wine and sleep and idleness better than anything else in the world. But they died and were forgotten—just as we overlook them in this consideration of the subject. But the great minds lived, and even in the limited space of the Scriptorium laboured mightily. It is curious to read the colophons with which these grand old transcribers closed their toil—rejoicing, sorrowing, hoping, praying. Little marvel, then, that a symbolism sprang up among these worshippers of God in nature which gave to every blade of grass, every flower, every number, every geometric figure, a deep religious meaning, so that Father Chrysostomus as he passed with downcast eyes through the convent fields was reminded of the Trinity when he saw the clover, of eternal life as he looked at the glistening ivy, of Providence when the hen crossed his path with her little brood, of the saintly Dorothea by a basket of fruit and flowers, and of the holy Ambrose by the bees that hummed around his path.

To be perfect, illumination must team with the symbols of the old monks—that is, as long as it retains a sacred character. Secular illumination has a symbolism of its own; but, whether sacred or secular, illumination without a profusion of symbolism is art in incongruous rags and patches of colour, instead of art adorned with jewels such as a Mason might envy. Another essential quality of this style of art is that it shall not be too natural or too modernised. Conventionalised forms will, in the end, be found by the student to be the best for the purpose aimed at, on account of the great abundance of fanciful and geometric ornament necessarily introduced as well as from the very form of the margin, which does not admit of a real picture being introduced. (The truth of this will be observed in books thus illustrated—take Macleise's "Moore's Melodies," for instance, in which many a fine design is spoilt by the exigencies of the margin.) On the grounds we have just laid down, the incorporation of photographs with illuminations must be pronounced an error, and a most injurious one to the effect of the best class of work, which the nearer it approaches the old models will jar the more with the modern innovation.

We are induced to discuss the subject thus at length because we understand that the art of illuminating is becoming more generally studied every day, and the sale of materials for the purpose increasing rapidly; and because, after an inspection of the exhibition, the faults we have pointed out seem to us the most prevalent.

In the industry, the patience, the delicacy of sentiment, and the devotional feeling which characterise the female mind are to be found all the requisites for the work of illumination—the woman is the best successor to the chrysographer of the convent. And we are glad to understand that the increasing taste for this style of embellishment is giving employment to many females—an employment which suits and does not unsex them.

It is time, however, to turn our attention to the exhibition immediately under notice. In the first place, then, Messrs. Fuller have offered a prize of seven guineas for the best and most illustrative illumination on vellum of the text—

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom.

A copy on vellum of the successful design will be given as a prize to the second best design on the same text, and to the best general design for excellence of work and composition.

Only seven illuminations have been sent in for the special competition. As this is the first trial, and the text is perhaps not the best that could have been selected for such a purpose, it is not surprising that the success is not great as far as originality of design goes, though quite up to the average, as a rule, in workmanship. Some show a striving after symbolism, which is more laudable than lucky—as, for instance, in the case of a lady who illustrates the text with a skull and a broken lily.

Of the general subjects, the most pretentious, if not the most successful, are Nos. 34, 39, and 44, by a lady of the name of Roussey. A little better "bad drawing" of the figures would make a nearer approach to the old models. "There is bad drawing and bad drawing;" and this is not of the kind which characterises the old illuminators. The treatment of ornament, however, is tasteful; and a vignette of the three crosses on Calvary is very striking.

An illumination (409)—say for the titlepage—of Goldsmith's "Traveller," is perhaps one of the most original and tasteful designs exhibited. It is by a lady of the name of Peck. Two Misses Batty have sent some very elaborate and really good illuminations, quite in the spirit of the old monks; and Mrs. Gonne is largely represented by most creditable works. "The Golden Treasures" (76), by Miss M. C. Horsley, is also very praiseworthy; and two specimens (9 and 19), by Miss Woods, deserve high mention. Nos. 65 and 68, by P. J. M. and S. M. C. respectively, are most meritorious; and No. 38, by Miss E. Black, must not be overlooked, even in our necessarily hasty enumeration.

A copy from the "Durham Book" (121), by W. R. Harrison, and a reproduction in colour of a picture of "Christmas" (73) from the *Illustrated London News* do not, of course, occupy a position as high as the works we have mentioned, but, in their class, are exceedingly good. Indeed, the whole exhibition is a pleasing one, and cannot fail to interest those who see with delight the unexpected revival of an almost forgotten art, whose very essence was beauty. The present day, in its rage for carte-de-visite albums, and for albums for the monogram and postage-stamp maniacs, appears to us to offer an opening for illumination which may be utilised to the employment of female labour to a great extent. As an amusement merely in the embellishing and emblazoning of a favourite poem as a gift, it offers young ladies with any turn for drawing a most excellent opportunity for manufacturing presents not expensive of preparation, but valuable, if only because unique, to the recipients.

We must not conclude our notice without devoting a few words to the crimson-lake tracings, by M^{me}. Flucke, of Mr. Priolo's illustrations of the "Idylls of the King," which won the prize given by the Art-Union Society a few years since. The society has generously given permission to Messrs. Fuller to dispose of these tracings, with a view to the encouragement of female labour, and we understand that they command a large sale. They are most faithful yet spirited transcripts of the original designs, and are very carefully and delicately finished.

LAW AND CRIME.

SOME years ago an application was made to the Court of Queen's Bench in the matter of an attorney, whom we will call Prædictus. He was accused of some misconduct in relation to certain dealings with money belonging to one of his clients, and the Court, while holding the charge proven, saw in the case certain elements which induced them to inflict a more merciful punishment than that of striking Prædictus off the roll; and accordingly suspended him from practice as an attorney for two years. Recently a legal text-book, entitled "The Law Relating to Attorneys," was compiled by Mr. Serjeant Pullen, and published. In this book, by an error apparently accidental, the case of Prædictus was referred to in terms implying that he had been struck off the roll. He thereupon brought an action against the publishers, who defended it, and, to influence the jury on the question of damages, instructed their counsel to refer to the facts of the charge on which the plaintiff had been punished. The Lord Chief Justice, in summing up, blamed both parties, declaring that the action ought never to have been brought, or resisted as it had been. His Lordship is fond of idiomatic expressions (in a trial last week he designated a sarcasm in a letter as a "bit of smart"), and said that defendants had felt they had a "raw" they could work, and that their counsel had been instructed to wound and humiliate the plaintiff by stinging observations. "It was not because a man had once in his life committed an improper act that he should be trampled in the dust." Feeling the full force of this sentiment, we have abstained from naming the plaintiff. Acting upon it in a like spirit, the jury awarded him £100 damages.

A lady was brought before the magistrates at the Thames Police Court, and charged with having been drunk in the streets, on the preceding evening, at about half-past nine o'clock. She appeared almost prostrated by shame and repentance. The magistrate, upon her being brought into court, said, "The lady appears very ill and agitated; let her be seated." Immediately afterwards, upon being informed that she was a prisoner, his Worship ordered her to stand in "the usual place"—this, of course, being the dock appropriated to criminals. The prisoner had been found by the police, intoxicated. She could not account for having fallen into such a state. A neighbour who had bailed her, said her husband was a traveller, and had been away for three months. Mr. Paget: "And his wife getting drunk? How shocking this is!" The neighbour said the prisoner had been ill some time. She was fined five shillings. Now, surely there is much that is pitiable in such a case as this. We would, therefore, particularly call attention to the fact that this unlucky lady's name, address, and position have all been published in a newspaper report. It is upon this fact that we desire to offer a few remarks. It is not the habitual sot of either sex who commonly appears as defendant in cases of which much is made by reporters. Such defendants are ordinarily of temperate habits. A transient disorder of the digestive organs may produce a sense of lassitude which over-hospitable friends seek to remedy by administration of liquor. This, taken even moderately, may produce an unforeseen effect upon the guest, on his or her going out into the open air. The most temperate and well-conducted may under such circumstances be liable to results which the trained soaker is able to avoid. If Bibulus be overtaken in the street he gives a false name, pays his fine, and the matter is never recorded. But if a lady in delicate health, leaving a friend's house after imbibing an over-stimulant, exhibit symptoms of inebriety and be apprehended by the police—forthwith the penny-a-liner blazons forth her name, address, and indiscretion. We unhesitatingly denounce such a proceeding as a scandalous abuse of the power of the press. No possible object of public utility can be served by the exposure, which may be productive of social ruin to unfortunate individuals far more deserving of pity than of reprehension. Nor is this all. We speak generally, and without reference to any particular instance, when we add that sub-editors, by allowing such publications, place in the hands of the humblest servitors of the press, a cogent power of extorting hush-money under a promise of suppression.

"Norton v. Tilling" was the title of a running-down case tried on Monday before Chief Baron Pollock. The plaintiff, an attorney's clerk, claimed £8 5s. for damages alleged to have been done to a skeleton gig by an omnibus in Cockspur-street. The plaintiff and a Mr. Roberts, who was with him in the gig, both identified the defendant's omnibus by its number. The driver and conductor of the omnibus each gave evidence that no accident had occurred with their vehicle; and other testimony was brought forward to show that the mishap had not been caused by the defendant. The Chief Baron in his summing-up made the following suggestive remarks. Perhaps it may be remembered by some of our readers that we long since recorded the system of fraud commented upon by his Lordship:—

The Lord Chief Baron said he had paid great attention to the case, because a few years ago a mode of cheating was resorted to against the owners of brewers' drays in respect of accidents which never occurred. He did not wish to connect that circumstance with the present inquiry; but he might state that in three or four instances the parties engaged in the conspiracy succeeded. One of the actions was tried before him. He failed to get a clear notion of what the accident was, and with this doubt in his mind he was obliged to sum up, and the result was that the plaintiff got a verdict for the amount claimed. In the following Term an application was made for a new trial on the ground that the accident never happened, and that the action was the result of a system of fraud which had been resorted to by the plaintiff. A rule was granted, but no one appeared to show cause, and the rule was made absolute. No new trial, however, took place, the whole system of extortion having been in the mean time blown upon.

The jury returned a verdict for the defendant in "Norton v. Tilling."

The cabmen are making a profit of the road through Hyde Park by charging according to the tables published by authority, as though they, the drivers, were still compelled to go by way of Park-lane. The way to defeat this device is to set down a short distance from some place specified in the tables, and then, in case of dispute, for the hirer to insist on measurement. No such measurement can be called for between two points mentioned in the tables. A new official book of cab-fares is now becoming desirable for many reasons. Among them we may mention that the old book reckons no fares from or to Victoria station, Pimlico, across Lambeth Bridge, along the new street in Southwark; or between Pimlico to Pall-mall, except by way of Charing-cross.

THE CASE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—The prosecution of Mr. Rumble, inspector of naval machinery at Sheerness, for inciting persons to join the Confederate steamer Rappahannock, in breach of the Foreign Enlistment Act, was commenced in the Court of Queen's Bench on Monday. Several witnesses were examined, and on one of them, named Newman, giving evidence of which the defendant had not been apprised, the Lord Chief Justice adjourned the trial on the ground that the defendant had been taken by surprise, and ought to have time to procure rebutting evidence. The case will, therefore, not come on again during the present sittings.

THE WATERLOO-BRIDGE MYSTERY.—Some time ago a letter was published in the London papers from a Mr. Irwin, of Dublin, professing to throw some light upon the Waterloo-bridge mystery. According to him an Australian colonist, whom he called R., had been lodging with a man named W., in a street in the Strand. R. was known to have money, and he disappeared just at the time the bones were found on Waterloo Bridge. The police have made inquiries, and the result is that a Mr. Radcliffe (the "W." of Mr. Irwin's story) is found to have lodged with a Mr. Wolfe (the "R." of the letter), and to have sold some Tasmanian bonds, after which he disappeared. However, three months afterwards he opened an account with a bank at Liverpool; so that he was not the victim of the Waterloo-bridge affair.

SMART PRACTICE.—At Shoeburyness, one day last week, the Armstrong and Whitworth Committee fired one hundred rounds rapid fire from the Armstrong 12-pounder breech-loaded field-gun. There was an interval of ten minutes after the first fifty rounds. The time, as taken by the committee—was for the first fifty, 6m. 58s., and for the second fifty, 6m. 38s.: 13m. 35s. in all. Thus the gun was fired throughout the one hundred rounds at the rate of seven rounds and a half a minute; and for the second fifty rounds at the rate of eight rounds a minute. It was supposed on the ground that four shots were often in the air at the same time. This is by far the most rapid artillery fire on record, and it is more than twice as rapid than ever has been accomplished by any muzzle-loading gun. No water was used, nor any sponging, nor did any hitch of any sort occur. At the fifty-second round the lanyard that pulls the friction tubes broke; this caused a delay of 20 secs.

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